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To America

By Aleister Crowley

THOU fair Republic oversea afar,
  Where long blue ripples lap the fertile land,
Whose manifest dominion, like a star,
Fixed by the iron hands and swords of war,*
  Now must for aye, a constellation, stand—
Thou new strong nation! as the eagle aspires
    To match the sun's own fires,
Children of our land, hear the children of your sires!

We stretch out hands to-day when the white wings
  Of peace are spread beneath you and your foe.
O race of men that slay the slaves of kings!
We, whom the foam-crowned ocean still enrings,
  We, whose strong freedom never brooked a blow,
Hail you now victors, hail you of the sword
    Proved in the west the lord,
Hail you, and bid you sound quick friendship and accord.

The eagle of your emblem would not stoop
  To the proud threats of that outrageous wing
That Bismarck reared, and strengthened, and bade swoop
Fierce upon France, whose pallid pinions droop
  To own an Emperor where she mocked a king:
Their challenge you hurled back across the foam:
    Vienna and tall Rome
Trembled for their ally: you stirred our hearts at home.

* This poem was first written at the conclusion of the Spanish-American War.

The fire of love no waters shall devour;
  The faith of friendship stands the shocks of time;
Seal with your voice the triumph of this hour,
Your glory to our glory and our power,
  Alliance of one tongue, one faith, one clime!
Seal and clasp hands; and let the sea proclaim
    Friendship of righteous fame,
And lordship of two worlds that time can never tame.

White slaves shall look up and behold a light
  Grow in the islands of the sacred sea,
And on the land whose forehead kisses night
And has the dawn upon its wings, whose might
  Is mightier for the lips of Liberty
Pressed on its new-born cheek, when Church and State
    Drove forth to baffle Fate
Our sires and yours, whose fame is grown this year so great.

That morning of deliverance is at hand;
  The world requickens, and all folk rejoice,
Seeing our kingdom look toward your land,
And both catch hands, a nuptial Heaven-planned
  Because of Earth's free peoples the free choice.
Your winds that wrought wild wreckage on our shore
    Shall sink and be no more,
Or waft your barks, with wheat gold-laden, swiftly o'er.

Our foamcaps, that your rocks disdainful flung
  Back to the waves that left our beaten coast,
Shall be like echoes of sweet songs unsung,
And all the ocean noises find a tongue
  To voice the clamour of a righteous boast—
That friendship and dominion shall be wrought
    Out of the womb of thought,
And all the bygone days be held for things of naught.

What matter though our fathers did you wrong?
  Though brave sons brake our bitter yoke? Though we
Strove, steel on steel, encountered, thong to thong?
What, though the stronger did defeat the strong?
  Both, wild and patient as the steep strong sea?
What matter that some strive to waken hate?
    Traitors to either state,
Hang them in chains! Our way to Freedom cannot wait!

TO AMERICA

The petty partisans of party war,
  The hireling quillmen, and the jingo crowd,
The well-paid patriots, scenting from afar
Silence, their doom—shall they eclipse the star
  Now crescent in the sky, whose music loud
Rejoices humble hearts and true men all,
    And sounds the funeral
Dirge of slave, tyrant, priest, that snarl, and snarling fall?

These we forget—remembering only this:
  Ye are blood-brothers, and our tongues are one;
Our hopes and conquests in one splendid kiss
Unite and struggle not for empire. Is
  Our land and yours too little for the sun
To gladden, to illume, to bid increase,
    Bound by two mighty seas
In one fraternal clasp of admirable peace?

Ye are our brothers; ye have spurned the power
  That bound the islands of your eastern shore;
Ye have restored to freedom that fair flower,
Cuba, in her most agonising hour,
  And east and west have thundered with red war.
We freed us from the slavery of Spain,
    And laid upon the main
Our hand three centuries back—and ye have struck again.

Priestcraft and tyranny in this defeat
  Shake, and the walls of hell with fear resound;
The sun laughs gladlier on the heavier wheat,
Because the fates must weave a winding-sheet
  At last for Fear. Deliverers are found
Who will deliver. Mountain, stream, and brake,
    Lone wood, and sleepy lake,
Are peopled with bright shapes that sing for freedom's sake.

Rocks, and pale fountains, and tall trees that quiver,
  And all the clouds that deck the sunset sky
Move like the music of a mighty river
Where ripples break, and rapids gleam and shiver,
  And calm rebuilds her empire bye-and-bye.
For joy of this alliance all the earth
    Forgets her day of dearth,
In her new birth forgets, and maddens into mirth.

The stars swing censers of pale gold to God,
  Whose incense is the love-song of the free;
Angels with mercy and with beauty shod
Move in the mazes of an Eden, trod
  Not by the seemly spirits of the sea,
But by brave men built wholly of desire
    And freedom's mystic fire,
To clothe its habitants with glorious attire.

Clasp hands, O fair republic of the west,
  And leave the kingdoms to their sudden fate.
With new-born love and ardour unrepressed,
Let Lethe steep in its unquiet rest
  The old years whose red hands have made us great.
O fair republic, strong and swift, unbind
    The shackles of thy mind!
More than our kin ye are; henceforth not less than kind!

Bind on the splendid sandals, and unloose
  The burning horses, and fling wide the reins!
From Danzig's ice to sunny Syracuse
Europe shall see and tremble and ask truce,
  And new blood pour through Asia's wasted veins.
Our Empire from Guiana to Hong Kong,
    In your new love made strong,
Shall last while earth is glad because of sun and song.

And O! ye desert places of the sea,
  Ye plains and mountains rugged with the wind,
And all ye hollow caverns whence there flee
Foam-heads and blusterous waves, give ear to me,
  And O thou thunder, follow hard behind!
O womb of night, reverberate these chords,
    Ye clouds, ye stormy lords,
With clamour and shrill voice as of ten thousand swords:—

Swords that clang sharp on heaven's anvil, white
  With heat of God's own forehead that beholds
The building broken that is made of might,
Nor builded firm on justice' iron height,
  Nor is not cast in mercy's silver mould:—
Swords sharp to slay, when vengeance must its fill
    Drink of the bloody rill
Wherein men lave their mouths, arise and smite and kill!

TO AMERICA

Listen, all lands, and wonder! For the night
  Rolls back her beaten iron, and the day
Breaks, and the passionate heralds of the light,
Armoured with love for panoply of might,
  Rush on the portals of the falling way.
The lamps of heaven are dim while swords strike fire
    From rocks whose crests burn higher:
At their assault hell's dogs gasp, totter, and expire.

All the gold gates are open of the East;
  The rugged columns of the hills uphold
A dome of changeless turquoise, and they feast,
The sun's lips, on the woods that have increased
  Since dawn with store of unimagined gold.
The steam of many exhalations rare
    Sweetens the midday air;
Earth's oriflamme advanced, Heaven's silver spears aflare!

The broad Pacific brightens into blue,
  And coral isles are white with beating flame
Of living water on their strand, live through
With million flames candescent as the dew,
  Red flowers too queenly for a mortal name!
The sea is pregnant with green stars; the land,
    The sky, like lovers stand
With kiss half-consciously exchanged, hand fast in hand.

O lovers fair and free, the wings of peace
  Bear this voice onward; linger as you will
By moon-wrought glades, and softly murmuring seas,
Lands white with summer, and the quiet leas!
  Linger, and let no word of music thrill
Your hearts; young love is all the harp ye need:
    Your kiss in very deed
Is keen to echo song well tuned from Milton's reed.

O lovers, and ye happy groves that hear
  Their whispers, and ye vales that know their feet,
And all ye mountains that incline your ear
To the wise whisper of the love-lorn sphere,
  And all ye caves their murmurs who repeat;
Your music throbs in unison with mine;
    The world is flushed with wine
Bubbling from Freedom's well, warm, luminous, divine.

Burn, changeful purple of the vine's cool stream!
  Burn, like the sunset of a stormy sky
When white winds gather, and white horses gleam
Upon the ocean, and the meadows steam
  With haze of thunder, when the crimson eye
Dips, and deep darkness falls and lies, and breaks
    In lightning's fearful flakes,
When thunder unto thunder calls, and the storm awakes.

With maddening hoofs, ye coursers of the sun,
  Spurn the reverberant air, and paw the day!
Make east and west indissolubly one!
Strike down the darkness, its dominion done,
  And bid light gird its sword to thigh, display
The shield of heaven's blue, and call the deep
    To watch the warrior sleep
Of two fast friends that wake only if brave men weep!

Wake, western land so fair, and this shall be!
  Speak and accomplish! Let no ardour slip,
A sullen hound, slink sly and shamefully
To Hell's heel, storm exacerbate the sea,
  And spoil a perfect kiss from free land's lip.
O fair free sister country, for our sake,
    Who at thy side would break
All bars, all bonds, and bid the very dead awake!

Are not your veins made purple with our blood,
  And our dominions touch they not afield?
Pours not the sea its long exultant flood
On either's coast? The rose has one same bud,
  And the vine's heart one purple pledge doth yield.
Are we not weary of the fangéd pen?
    Are we not friends, and men?
Let us look frankly face to face—and quarrel then!

Oh! by the groves of green and quiet ways,
  And on the windy reaches of the river,
In moonlit night and blue unbroken days,
And where the cold ice breaks in pallid bays,
  And where dim dawns in frosty forest shiver,
Where India burns and far Australia glows,
    Where cactus blooms, where rose,
Let our hearts' beat be heard, to lighten many woes!

TO AMERICA

Sister and daughter of our loyal isle,
  Our hands reach out to you, our lips are fain
To wreathe with yours in one delicious smile
Of budding love, to grow a kiss awhile,
  And laugh like bride and groom, and kiss again!
Let our alliance like a marriage stand,
    Supreme from strand to strand,
The likeness of our love, the clasp of hand in hand.

And men who come behind us yet unborn,
  Nor dimly guessed at down the brook of time,
Shall celebrate the brave undying morn
When the free nations put aside their scorn
  For friendship, rock no sundering surge may climb,
When their strong hands gripped hard across the sea,
    Flushed with fresh victory,
Lands royal, leal, and great, vast, beautiful, and free.

Our children's children shall unsheathe the sword
  Against the envy of some tyrant power;
The leader of your people and our lord
Shall join to wrest from slavery abhorred
  Some other race, a fair storm-ruined flower!
O fair republic, lover and sweet friend,
    Your loyal hand extend!
Let freedom, peace and faith grow stronger to the end!

O child of freedom, thou art very fair!
  Thou hast white roses on thy eager breast;
The scent of all the South is in thy hair;
Thy lips are fragrant with the blossoms rare
  Blown under sea waves when the white wings rest!
Come to our warrior breast, where victory
    Sits passionate and free—
Ring out the wild salute! Our sister over sea!

In a Backwater

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

"This 'ere war, now," said the farmer, in the slow voice that tells of life passed amongst comfortable surroundings into which haste has never once intruded, "is a 'orrid business."

He leaned upon a half-opened gate, keeping it swaying to and fro a little with his foot. His waistcoat was unbuttoned, showing his greasy braces and his checked, blue shirt. His box-cloth gaiters, falling low down upon his highlows, left a gap between them and his baggy riding-breeches, just below the knee. His flat-topped bowler hat was pushed back over the fringe of straggling grey hair upon his neck. His face was burned a brick-dust colour with the August sun, and now and then he mopped his forehead with a red handkerchief.

His little holding, an oasis in the waste of modern scientific farming, was run in the old-fashioned way, often to be seen in the home counties, as if old methods linger longest where they are least expected, just as a hunted fox sometimes takes refuge in a rectory.

His ideas seemed to have become unsettled with constant reading of newspapers filled with accounts of horrors, and his speech, not fluent at the best of times, was slower and more halting than his wont.

He told how he had just lost his wife, and felt more than a little put about to get his dairy work done properly without her help.

"When a man's lost his wife it leaves him, somehow, as if he were like a 'orse hitched on one side of the wagon-pole, a-pullin' by hisself. Now this 'ere war, comin' as it does right on the top of my 'ome loss, sets me a-thinkin', especially when I'm alone in the 'ouse of night."

The park-like English landscape, with its hedgerow trees and its lush fields, that does not look like as if it really were the country, but seems a series of pleasure-grounds

cut off into convenient squares, was at its time of greatest beauty and its greatest artificiality. Cows swollen with grass till they looked like balloons lay in the fields and chewed the cud. Geese cackled as they strayed upon the common, just as they appear to cackle in a thousand water-colours. The hum of bees was in the limes. Dragon-flies hawked swiftly over the oily waters of the two slow-flowing rivers that made the farm almost an island in a suburban Mesopotamia, scarce twenty miles away from Charing Cross. An air of peace and of contentment, of long well-being and security, was evident in everything. Trees flourished, though stag-headed, under which the Roundhead troopers may have camped, or at the least, veterans from Marlborough's wars might have sat underneath their shade, and smoked as they re-told their fights.

A one-armed signboard, weathered, and with the lettering almost illegible, pointed out the bridle-path to Ditchley, now little used, except by lovers on a Sunday afternoon, but where the feet of horses for generations in the past had trampled it, still showing clearly as it wound through the fields.

In the standing corn the horses yoked to the reaping machine stood resting, now and again shaking the tassels on their little netted ear-covers. They, too, came of a breed long used to peace and plenty, good food and treatment, and short hours of work. The kindly landscape and the settled life of centuries had formed the kind of man of which the farmer was a prototype. Slow-footed and slow-tongued, and with his mind as bowed as were his shoulders with hard work, by the continual pressure of the hierarchy of wealth and station, that had left him as much adscript to them as any of his ancestors had been bound to their glebes. He held the *Daily Mail*, his gospel and his *vade mecum*, crumpled in his hand as if he feared to open it again to read more details of the war. A simple soul, most likely just as oppressive to his labourers as his superiors had always showed themselves to him, he could not bear to read of violence, as all the tyranny that he had bent under had been imposed so subtly that he could never see more than the shadow of the hand that had oppressed him.

It pained him, above all things, to read about the wounded and dead horses lying in the corn, especially as he had "'eard the 'arvest over there in Belgium was going to be good." The whirr of the machines reaping the wheatfield sounded like the hum of some gigantic insect, and as the binder ranged the sheaves in rows it seemed as if the golden age had come upon the earth again, bringing with it peace and plenty, with perhaps slightly stouter nymphs than those who once followed the sickle-men in Arcady.

A man sat fishing in a punt just where the river broadened into a backwater edged with willow-trees. At times he threw out ground-bait, and at times raised a stone bottle to his lips, keeping one eye the while watchfully turned upon his float. School children strayed along the road, as rosy and as flaxen-haired as those that Gregory the Great thought fitting to be angels, though they had never been baptised.

Now and again the farmer stepped into his field to watch the harvesting, and cast an eye of pride and of affection on his horses, and then, coming back to the gate, he drew the paper from his pocket and read its columns, much in the way an Arab reads a letter, murmuring the words aloud until their meaning penetrated to his brain.

Chewing a straw, and slowly rubbing off the grains of an ear of wheat into his hand, he gazed over his fields as if he feared to see in them some of the horrors that he read. Again he muttered, with a puzzled air, "'Orrible! 'undreds of men and 'orses lying in the corn. It seems a sad thing to believe, doesn't it now?" he said; and as he spoke soldiers on motor-cycles hurtled down the road, leaving a trail of dust that perhaps looked like smoke to him after his reading in the *Daily Mail*.

"They tell me," he remarked, after a vigorous application of his blue handkerchief to his streaming face, "that these 'ere motor-cycles 'ave a gun fastened to them, over there in Belgium, where they are a-goin' on at it in such a way. The paper says, 'ranks upon ranks of 'em is just mowed down like wheat.' . . . 'Orrid, I call it, if it's true, for now and then I think those chaps only puts that kind of thing into their papers to 'ave a sale for them." He looked about him as if, like Pilate, he was looking for an

elusive truth not to be found on earth, and then walked down the road till he came to the backwater where the man was fishing in his punt. They looked at one another over a yard or two of muddy water, and asked for news about the war, in the way that people do from others who they must know are quite as ignorant as they are themselves. The fisherman "'ad given up readin' the war noos; it's all a pack of lies," and pointing to the water, said in a cautious voice, "Some people says they 'ears. I ain't so sure about it; but, anyhow, it's always best to be on the safe side." Then he addressed himself once more to the business of the day, and in the contemplation of his float no doubt became as much absorbed into the universal principle of nature, as is an Indian sitting continually with his eyes turned on his diaphragm.

Men passing down the road, each with a paper in his hand, looked up and threw the farmer scraps of news, uncensored and spiced high with details which had never happened, so that in after years their children will most likely treasure as facts, which they have received from long-lost parents, the wildest fairy tales.

The slanting sun and lengthening shadows brought the farmer no relief of mind; and still men, coming home from work on shaky bicycles, plied him with horrors as they passed by the gate, their knee-joints stiff with the labours of the day, seeming in want of oil. A thin, white mist began to creep along the backwater. Unmooring his punt, the fisherman came unwillingly to shore, and as he threw the fragments of his lunch into the water and gathered up his tackle, looked back upon the scene of his unfruitful labours with an air as of a man who has been overthrown by circumstances, but has preserved his honour and his faith inviolate.

Slinging his basket on his back, he trudged off homewards, and instantly the fish began to rise. A line of cows was driven towards the farm, their udders all so full of milk that they swayed to and fro, just as a man sways wrapped in a Spanish cloak, and as majestically. The dragon-flies had gone, and in their place ghost-moths flew here and there across the meadows, and from the fields sounded the corncrake's harsh, metallic note.

The whirring of the reaper ceased, and when the horses

were unyoked the driver led them slowly from the field. As they passed by the farmer he looked lovingly towards them, and muttered to himself, "Dead 'orses and dead soldiers lying by 'undreds in the standing corn. . . . I wonder 'ow the folks out there in Belgium will 'ave a relish for their bread next year. This 'ere war's a 'orrid business, coming as it does, too, on the top of my own loss . . . dead 'orses in the corn. . . ."

He took the straw out of his mouth, and walking up to one of his own sleek-sided cart-horses, patted it lovingly as if he wanted to make sure that it was still alive.

Giorgione

By E. V. Lucas

It will happen now and then that you will be in your gondola, with the afternoon before you, and will not have made up your mind where to go. It is then that I would have you remember the Palazzo Giovanelli. "The Palazzo Giovanelli, Rio di Noale," say to your gondolier; because this palace is not only open to the public, but it contains the most sensuously beautiful picture in Venice—Giorgione's "Tempest." Giorgione is the one transcendentally great Venetian painter whom it is impossible, for certain, to find in any public gallery or church in the city of his adoption. There is a romantic scene at the Seminario next the Salute, an altar-piece in S. Rocco, another altar-piece in S. Giovanni Crisostomo, in each of which he may have had a hand. But none of these is Giorgione essential. For the one true work of this wistful beauty-adoring master we must seek the Palazzo Giovanelli.

You can enter the palace either from the water, or on foot at the Salizzada Santa Fosca, No. 2292. A massive custodian greets you and points to a winding stair. This you ascend and are met by a typical Venetian man-servant. Of the palace itself, which has been recently modernised, I have nothing to say. There are both magnificent and pretty rooms in it, and a little boudoir has a quite charming floor and furniture covered in ivory silk. But everything is in my mind subordinated to the Giorgione: so much so that I have difficulty in writing the word Giovanelli at all. The pen will trace only the letters of the painter's name: it is to me the Palazzo Giorgione.

The picture is on an easel just inside a door, and you come upon it suddenly. Not that anyone could ever be completely ready for it; but you pass from one room to the next, and there it is—all green and blue and glory. Remember that Giorgione was not only a Venetian painter,

but in some ways the most remarkable and powerful of them all; remember that his fellow-pupil Titian himself worshipped his genius and profited by it, and that he even influenced his master Bellini; and then remember that all the time you have been in Venice you have seen nothing by him that was unquestionably authentic, and at the most only three pictures that might be his. It is as though Florence had but one Botticelli, or London but one Turner, or Madrid but one Velasquez. And then you turn the corner and find this!

Venetian art elsewhere in the city has been almost exclusively the handmaid of religion or the State. At the Ducal Palace we find the great painters exalting the Doges and the Republic; even the other picture in Venice which I associate with this for its pure beauty—Tintoretto's "Bacchus and Ariadne"—was probably an allegory of Venetian success. In the churches and at the Accademia we see the masters illustrating the Testaments Old and New. All their work has been for altars or church walls or large public places. We have seen nothing for a domestic wall but little mannered Longhis, without any imagination, or topographical Canalettos and Guardis. And then we turn a corner and are confronted by this!—not only a beautiful picture and a non-religious picture, but a picture painted to hang on a wall.

That was one of Giorgione's innovations: to paint pictures for private gentlemen. Another was to paint pictures of sheer loveliness with no concern either with Scripture or history; and this is one of his loveliest. It has all kinds of faults—and it is perfect. The drawing is not too good; the painting is not too good; that broken pillar is both commonplace and foolish; and yet the work is perfect because a perfect artist made it. It is beautiful and mysterious and a little sad, all at once, just as an evening landscape can be, and it is unmistakably the work of one who felt beauty so deeply that his joyousness left him and the melancholy that comes of the knowledge of transitoriness took its place. Hence there is only one word that can adequately describe it and that is Giorgionesque.

The picture is known variously as "The Tempest," for a thunderstorm is working up; as "The Soldier and the Gipsy," as "Adrastus and Hypsipyle," and as "Giorgione's

Family." In the last case the soldier watching the woman would be the painter himself (who never married) and the woman the mother of his child. Whatever we call it, the picture remains the same: profoundly beautiful, profoundly melancholy. A sense of impending calamity informs it. A lady observing it remarked to me, "Each is thinking thoughts unknown to the other"; and they are thoughts of unhappy morrows.

This, the Giovanelli Giorgione, which in 1817 was in the Manfrini palace and was known as the "Famiglia di Giorgione," was the picture in all Venice—indeed, the picture in all the world—which most delighted Byron. "To me," he wrote, "there are none like the Venetian—above all, Giorgione." *Beppo* has some stanzas on it.

> They've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians,
> Black eyes, arched brows, and sweet expressions still;
> Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,
> In ancient arts by moderns mimicked ill;
> And like so many Venuses of Titian's
> (The best's at Florence—see it, if ye will),
> They look when leaning over the balcony,
> Or stepped from out a picture by Giorgione,
>
> Whose tints are Truth and Beauty at their best;
> And when you to Manfrini's palace go,
> That picture (howsoever fine the rest)
> Is loveliest to my mind of all the show;
> It may perhaps be also to *your* zest
> And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so;
> 'Tis but a portrait of his Son and Wife,
> And self, but *such* a Woman! Love in life;
>
> Love in full life and length, not love ideal,
> No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name,
> But something better still, so very real,
> That the sweet Model must have been the same;
> A thing that you would purchase, beg, or steal,
> Were't not impossible, besides a shame;
> The face recalls some face, as 'twere with pain,
> You once have seen, but ne'er will see again;
>
> One of those forms which flit by us, when we
> Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;
> And, oh! the Loveliness at times we see
> In momentary gliding, the soft grace,
> The Youth, the Bloom, the Beauty which agree,
> In many a nameless being we retrace,
> Whose course and home we knew not nor shall know,
> Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below.

The Giovanelli picture is one of the paintings which all the critics agree to give to Giorgione, from Sir Sidney

Colvin in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to the very latest monographer, Signor Lionello Venturi, whose work, *Giorgione e Giorgionismo*, is a monument to the diversity of expert opinion. Giorgione, short as was his life, lived at any rate for thirty years and was known near and far as a great painter, and it is to be presumed that the work that he produced is still somewhere. But Signor Lionello Venturi reduces his output to the most meagre dimensions; the conclusion being that wherever his hand may be, it is anywhere but in the pictures that bear his name. The result of this critic's heavy labours is to reduce the certain Giorgiones to thirteen, among which is the S. Rocco altar-piece. With great daring he goes on to say who painted all the others: Sebastian del Piombo this, Andrea Schiavone that, Romanino another, Titian another, and so forth. It may be so, but if one reads also the other experts—Sir Sidney Colvin, Morelli, Justi, the older Venturi, Mr. Berenson, Mr. Charles Ricketts, Mr. Herbert Cook—one is simply in a whirl. For all differ. Mr. Cook, for example, is lyrically rapturous about the two Padua panels, of which more anon, and their authenticity; Mr. Ricketts gives the Pitti "Concert" and the Caterina Cornaro to Titian without a tremor. Our own National Gallery "S. Liberale" is not mentioned by some at all; the Paris "Concert Champêtre," in which most of the judges believe absolutely, Signor Lionello Venturi gives to Piombo. The Giovanelli picture and the Castel Franco altar-piece alone remain above suspicion in every book.

Having visited the Giovanelli Palace, I found myself restless for this rare spirit, and therefore arranged a little diversion to Castel Franco, where he was born and where his great altar-piece is preserved.

But first let us look at Giorgione's career. Giorgio Barbarelli was born at Castel Franco in 1477 or 1478. The name by which we know him signifies the great Giorgio, and was the reward of his personal charm and unusual genius. Very little is known of his life, Vasari being none too copious when it comes to the Venetians. What we do know, however, is that he was very popular, not only with other artists but with the fair, and in addition to being a great painter was an accomplished musician. His master was Giovanni Bellini, who in 1494,

when we may assume that Giorgione, being sixteen, was beginning to paint, was approaching seventy.

Giorgione, says Vasari in an exultant passage, was "so enamoured of beauty in nature that he cared only to draw from life and to represent all that was fairest in the world around him." He had seen, says the same authority, "certain works from the hand of Leonardo which were painted with extraordinary softness, and thrown into powerful relief, as is said, by extreme darkness of the shadows, a manner which pleased him so much that he ever after continued to imitate it, and in oil painting approached very closely to the excellence of his model. A zealous admirer of the good in art, Giorgione always selected for representation the most beautiful objects that he could find, and these he treated in the most varied manner: he was endowed by nature with highly felicitous qualities, and gave to all that he painted, whether in oil or fresco, a degree of life, softness, and harmony (being more particularly successful in the shadows) which caused all the more eminent artists to confess that he was born to infuse spirit into the forms of painting, and they admitted that he copied the freshness of the living form more exactly than any other painter, not of Venice only, but of all other places."

Leonardo, who was born in 1452, was Giorgione's senior by a quarter of a century and one of the greatest names—if not quite the greatest name—in art when Giorgione was beginning to paint. A story says that they met when Leonardo was in Venice in 1500. One cannot exactly derive any of Giorgione's genius from Leonardo, but the fame of the great Lombardy painter was in the air, and we must remember that his master Verrocchio, after working in Venice on the Colleoni statue, had died there in 1488, and that Andrea da Solario, Leonardo's pupil and imitator, was long in Venice too. Leonardo and Giorgione share a profound interest in the dangerous and subtly alluring; but the difference is this, that we feel Leonardo to have been the master of his romantic emotions, while Giorgione suggests that for himself they could be too much.

It is not, however, influence upon Giorgione that is most interesting, but Giorgione's influence upon others. One of his great achievements was the invention of the

genre picture. He was the first lyrical painter: the first to make a canvas represent a single mood, much as a sonnet does. He was the first to combine colour and pattern to no other end but sheer beauty. The picture had a subject, of course, but the subject no longer mattered. Il fuoco Giorgionesco—the Giorgionesque fire—was the phrase invented to describe the new wonder he brought into painting. A comparison of Venetian art before Giorgione and after shows instantly how this flame kindled. Not only did Giorgione give artists a liberty they had never enjoyed before, but he enriched their palettes. His colours burned and glowed. Much of the gorgeousness which we call Titianesque was born in the brain of Giorgione, Titian's fellow-worker, and (for Titian's birth date is uncertain: either 1477 or 1487) probably his senior. You may see the influence at work in our National Gallery: Nos. 41, 270, 35, and 635 by Titian would probably have been far different but for Giorgione. So stimulating was Giorgione's genius to Titian, who was his companion in Bellini's studio, that there are certain pictures which the critics divide impartially between the two, chief among them the "Concert" at the Pitti; while together they decorated the Fondaco dei Tedeschi on the Grand Canal. It is assumed that Titian finished certain of his colleague's works after Giorgione's death in 1510. The plague which killed Giorgione killed also 20,000 other Venetians, and sixty-six years later, in another visitation of the scourge, Titian also died of it.

Castel Franco is five-and-twenty miles from Venice, but there are so few trains that it is practically a day's excursion there and back. I sat in the train with four commercial travellers and watched the water give way to maize, until chancing to look up for a wider view there were the blue mountains ahead of us, with clouds over them and here and there a patch of snow. Castel Franco is one of the last cities of the plain; Browning's Asolo is on the slope above it, only four or five miles away.

The station being reached at last—for even in Italy journeys end—I rejected the offers of two cabmen, one cabwoman, and one 'bus driver, and walked. There was no doubt as to the direction, with the campanile of the duomo as a beacon. For a quarter of a mile the road is straight and narrow; then it broadens into an open space

and Castel Franco appears. It is a castle indeed. All the old town is within vast crumbling red walls built on a mound with a moat around them. Civic zeal has trimmed the mound into public "grounds," and the moat is lively with ornamental ducks; while a hundred yards farther rises the white statue of Castel Franco's greatest son, no other than Giorgione himself, a dashing cavalier-like gentleman with a brush instead of a rapier. If he were like this, one can believe the story of his early death—little more than thirty—which came about through excessive love of a lady, she having taken the plague and he continuing to visit her.

Having examined the statue, I penetrated the ramparts to the little town, in the midst of which is the church. It was, however, locked, as a band of children hastened to tell me: intimating also that if anyone on earth knew how to effect an entrance they were the little devils in question. So I was led to a side door, the residence of a fireman, and we pulled a bell, and in an instant out came the fireman to extinguish whatever was burning; but on learning my business he instantly became transformed into the gentlest of sacristans, returned for his key, and led me, followed by the whole pack of children, by this time greatly augmented, to a door up some steps on the farther side of the church. The pack was for coming in too, but a few brief yet sufficient threats from the sacristan acted so thoroughly that not only did they melt away then, but were not there when I came out—this being in Italy unique as a merciful disappearance. More than merciful, miraculous: leading one to believe that Giorgione's picture really has supernatural powers.

The picture is on a wall behind the high altar, curtained. The fireman-sacristan pulled away the curtain, handed me a pair of opera-glasses, and sat down to watch me, a task in which he was joined by another man and a boy who had been cleaning the church. There they sat, the three of them, all huddled together, saying nothing, but staring hard at me (as I could feel) with gimlet eyes; while a few feet distant I sat too, peering through the glasses at Giorgione's masterpiece.

It is very beautiful; it grows more beautiful; but it does not give me such pleasure as the Giovanelli pastoral. I

doubt if Giorgione had the altar-piece temperament. He was not for churches; and indeed there were so many brushes for churches, that his need never have been called upon. He was wholly individual, wistful, pleasure-seeking and pleasure-missing, conscious of the brevity of life and the elusiveness of joy; of the earth earthy; a kind of Keats in colour, with, as one critic—I think Mr. Ricketts—has pointed out, something of Rossetti too. Left to himself he would have painted only such idylls as the Giovanelli picture.

Yet this altar-piece is very beautiful, and, as I say, it grows more beautiful as you look at it, even under such conditions as I endured, and even after much restoration. The lines and patterns are Giorgione's, howsoever the re-painter may have toiled. The two saints are so kind and reasonable (and never let it be forgotten that we may have, in our National Gallery, one of the studies for S. Liberale), and so simple and natural in their movements and position; the Madonna is at once so sweet and so little of a mother; the landscape on the right is so very Giorgionesque, with all the right ingredients—the sea, the glade, the lovers, and the glow. If anything disappoints, it is the general colour scheme, and in a Giorgione for that to disappoint is amazing. Let us, then, blame the re-painter. The influence of Giovanni Bellini in the arrangement is undoubtable; but the painting was Giorgione's own, and his the extra touch of humanity.

Another day I went as far afield as Padua, also with Giorgione in mind, for Baedeker, I noticed, gives one of his pictures there a star. Of Padua I want to write much, but here, at this moment, Giotto being forgotten, it is merely as a casket containing two (or more) Giorgiones that the city exists. From Venice it is distant half an hour by fast trains, or by way of Fusina, two hours. I went on the occasion of this Giorgione pilgrimage by fast train, and returned in the little tram to Fusina and so, across the lagoon, into Venice, with the sun behind me, and the red bricks of Venice flinging it back.

The picture gallery at Padua is crowded with pictures of saints and the Madonna, few of them very good. But that is of no moment, since it has also three isolated screens, upon each of which is inscribed the magic name. The three

screens carry four pictures—two long and narrow, evidently panels from a cassone; the others quite small. The best is No. 50, one of the two long narrow panels which together purport to represent the story of Adonis and Erys, but do not take the duty of historian very seriously. Both are lovely, with a mellow sunset lighting the scene. Here and there in the glorious landscape occurs a nymph, the naked flesh of whom burns with the reflected fire; here and there are lovers, and among the darkling trees beholders of the old romance. The pictures remain in the vision much as rich autumnal prospects can.

The other screen is more popular because the lower picture on it yet again shows us Leda and her uncomfortable paramour—that favourite mythological legend. The little pictures are not equal to the larger ones, and No. 50 is by far the best, but all are beautiful, and all are exotics here. Do you suppose, however, that Signor Lionello Venturi will allow Giorgione to have painted a stroke to them? Not a bit of it. They come under the head of Giorgionismo. The little ones, according to him, are the work of Anonimo; the larger ones were painted by Romanino. But whether or not Giorgione painted any or all, the irrefutable fact remains that but for his genius and influence they would never have existed. He showed the way. The eyes of that beautiful sad pagan shine wistfully through.

According to Vasari, Giorgione, like his master Bellini, painted the Doge Leonardo Loredan, but the picture, where is it? And where are others mentioned by Vasari and Ridolfi? So fervid a lover of nature and his art must have painted much; yet there is but little left now. Can there be discoveries of Giorgiones still to be made? One wonders that it is possible for any of the glowing things from that hand to lie hidden: their colours should burn through any accumulation of rubbish, their pulses should be heard.

Ankou

By Arthur Ransome

"In Brittany, the last man to die in the year in each parish becomes the Ankou of that parish for the year that follows. . . . The Ankou is Death personified, who summons in various ways the souls of those who are about to die. . . ."

THREE old men sat talking on a stone-lidded grave. The waves of the Atlantic beat and broke on the rocks far below them. The wind drove the rank grass on the tops of the cliff, and made the thin moss that grew in the crevices of the tombstones whistle in the cemetery where the old men were sitting. It blew the hair of the old men back from their ears when they faced the sea, and when they turned from it white wisps of hair flickered across their eyes. And the old men blinked in the wind, and sat on the stone and talked of death.

"With her we buried to-day, that will be four," said the first.

"And this is but a little place. Four from so small a place, and March but just gone," said the second.

"And all of them younger than we," said the third, looking far out over the wide Atlantic.

"One or two more may be drowned in the boats. The Ankou with the scythe of death may cut a boat in half and take the crew."

"But one of us he will be sure to take."

"One? Why not all?" said the first. "Jozon was the last to die, in Christmas week it was. . . . I saw him go, and he said to me: 'Good-bye, but it is not for long. Eighty years we have been friends,' he said to me, 'and I shall come for you and not be so unwelcome.'"

"He was my friend too," said the second.

"And mine," said the third. "Jozon, driving Death's cart, and with the scythe at his back. Well, he was not long in picking off those young ones. I should think he'd

call us last. Late in the year he'll come for us, and then another, one of us three, will drive that cart at night, and call young men to take their places with the dead."

"Yes; they laugh at the old. They laughed at Jozon's bald head when he was alive, but now they whisper his name. One of us three. I think I shall carry through till winter. . . . And you?"

"Who knows? Jozon died suddenly. He had thought he'd live till this year . . . then René would have been Ankou, who died at Michaelmas. But, no; in Christmas week Jozon failed, and when he knew that Death had come for him, I never saw such pride. A week before, though, he had only poor old Jozon with a bald head for boys to laugh at."

"We shall never all last out the winter. Who knows which of us will be calling for those who are left?"

And so the three old men talked of death on the gravestone in the wind-swept cemetery.

Daily they met there in fine weather, and would scan each other keenly for signs of failing. Each night in the hot summer they sat there together, the three old men of the village, and talked of the time when one of them would rule that monstrous population. The living are so few, a handful of men among the hosts of dead. The dead have been increasing always. To be Ankou of the smallest village is to rule a shadowy multitude.

Frost came suddenly with the last nights of August. On the third day of September the second of the old men, who had hoped to carry through till winter, lay dying. The other old men visited him, and talked of death, and left only when the priest came with the last requirements of his soul.

They stood outside, leaning on their sticks, hearing the voice of the priest with his Latin words of comfort and power.

"It is between us two," said one of them.

"One of us," said the other. And so they separated.

Of these two old men who were left, the elder was Luch, and the other, younger by no more than two or three months, was Yvon. It would be hard to say how old they were, but all agreed that they were very old. They had

seen so many pass away that there were for them in the village far more ghosts than men.

They lived in small stone cottages, Yvon with his widowed daughter, an elderly, pious woman called Marie; Luch with a small family, a fisherman who was usually away, his wife Jeanne, and a little boy, whom they had named Petit-Luch, to please the old man, and, perhaps, to win his few belongings from him in the end.

The wind blew very strong on the September day when the body of the old man who had died was buried in the cemetery. Luch and Yvon, bearing against the wind, sheltering themselves among the younger villagers, avoiding the rough, blowing skirts of the women, watched each other over the open grave, and, afterwards, while the sexton was filling it with earth, talked a little of the dead man, and of old Jozon who had taken him away. "He means one of us to be Ankou after him." "Good old Jozon." "One of us." "You or me." Then they hobbled home through the village, leaning on their sticks, each with one hand to the walls, for the wind's sake.

In November a boat was lost and three men drowned, but Yvon and Luch were still alive. There was snow on the day the bodies were brought in, but Yvon began to get himself ready for the funeral, and Marie ran through the snow and wind to boast to the fisherman's wife who took care of Luch.

"'Tis your old man will die the first," she said, stamping her feet in the doorway. "Father is as strong as ever, and going to the funeral for all the snow, and cold it is. . . ."

But Luch was sitting by the fire in a seaman's jacket, with a woollen scarf about his neck, and the little boy, Petit-Luch, was putting on his boots for him.

"Tell Yvon I'll be there," said the old man; and Marie ran back to see that her father was at least as warmly clothed.

A blizzard blew over the cliffs from the Atlantic, and the priest's teeth chattered, as the bodies of the dead sailors were lowered into frozen graves. But the eyes of the village were on the two old men with awe and speculative interest. One of those two would next year be Death himself, and come, in who knew what strange form, to summon the

living. And the old men refused all help, and, showing how strong they were, crept home unaided with the blizzard plucking at their heels.

The next day both of the old men were in bed, coughing feebly, pulling the blankets about their noses with their old thin fingers, and, when they had breath to speak, inquiring about each other.

They neither of them rose again, but lay dying, as they had foreseen, each intent on a single hope, that the other should die first, that he himself should be the last to die before the New Year, and so, for twelve months, hold the scythe of Death.

Perhaps this hope, this concentration on a single idea, kept them alive. The days passed and they did not die, but lay, each in his cottage, growing feebler, whiter, thinner if that were possible, and, in the eyes of the women who attended them, seeming already to have about them something of the majesty of the kingdom that was so nearly ready for them.

In that country of scattered cromlechs and dolmens, every stone is a reminder of death and the worlds of the dead and the living are divided only by a thin veil. The two old men were talked of in every cottage of the parish. Which of them would be the last to die? Which of them, transfigured, a skeleton with spinning skull, able in a second's time to look in all directions over his dominion, would drive the ghostly cart that rattles on the cobbles at night, and waits in silence for the soul of him who dies?

The interest was still stronger among those who were about the old men. Jeanne, the fisherman's wife who cared for Luch, and old Marie, who tended her father, walked each with a kind of pride, confident that she would be able, during the following year, to claim intimacy with the Ankou, with Death himself, who had the village in his hands.

On Christmas Eve Petit-Luch came in with a lantern, to tell old Luch that he had heard the dogs howling outside the house of Yvon.

"The Ankou is coming for him," said Luch, piously; and then, in shrill anxiety, as he saw that the boy's lantern made three with the candle on the table and that in the

window, "Put out the lantern, blow the candle," he coughed. "Three candles for my death."

Petit-Luch blew out a candle, and, swinging the lantern, so that its shadows ran about the walls and ceiling, comforted the old man.

"I heard old Yvon's dogs before I brought the lantern in. You will be Ankou, never fear."

During the week they grew steadily feebler, and they were both a little frightened. Yvon had dreamed of black horses, and Luch had heard a cock crow close beside him.

On the morning of the last day of the year, Petit-Luch stood in the doorway. Suddenly he ran in.

"Daddy Luch, Daddy Luch," he cried. "There is a magpie sitting on old Yvon's roof, just by the chimney."

The old man tried to raise himself, but could not. The fisherman's wife bent over him.

"Go, Jeanne, and see if it is true . . Yvon . . . dead."

Jeanne met Marie coming from Yvon's cottage to fetch her. Marie was weeping, but was not so sad as Jeanne had expected. "He will be Ankou," she said. "He knew it, and died happy."

"But Luch is not yet dead," said Jeanne.

"No," said Marie. "Neither am I. He can die tomorrow. Father will take him away. . . . They were such friends."

Jeanne stayed a little whole to mourn with Marie, and then went home. "How do you feel, Daddy Luch?" she asked.

"Nicely," whispered the old man.

"Marie says Yvon is Ankou."

"But I. . . ."

"You are not yet dead. . . ."

This new, terrible idea shook away almost the last strength that was left in Luch. He had been thinking only of surviving Yvon. Never for a moment had he thought that he might live too long. And now he knew himself dying, but he had not died, and if he lived till the next day he would be the first to die in the new year instead of the last to die in the old. Yvon would be Ankou, and he, Luch, no more than any other of the unnumbered dead.

It was noon. He had but twelve hours in which to die,

unless Yvon, whose body lay in the cottage up the road, were to take the place they both had coveted. An old clock remarked the flying seconds with metallic, inevitable voice. The clock tic-tacked remorselessly towards midnight and the new year. And Luch lay on his bed, full of a feeble resentment against Jozon for being so long in taking him.

There were three knocks at the door.

"Three knocks on the door," he whispered with tearful eagerness. "It is Death. Jozon is knocking at the door." He lay back, expectant, almost happy.

"Come in," said Jeanne.

Marie came in, to borrow some trifle she needed for the laying out of Yvon, and, privately, to judge for herself if Luch would live through the day, or die and so usurp the position which now seemed certainly her dead father's.

"Eh, but you look well, Daddy Luch. You will be at the funeral. An old friend. He will be Ankou to call you when your turn comes."

The old man shuddered a little, with an inarticulate disappointment.

"See," whispered Jeanne, maliciously, to Marie, "he shudders. The Ankou is near. Did not Yvon shudder so?"

"He did," said Marie, "and he died. But Daddy Luch is strong."

Marie went, and Jeanne jerked a little in her chair, impatient, angry.

"Well?" said Luch feebly.

"She will have it that you will die too late, and that her old Yvon will be Ankou."

"No, no, no," stammered the old man. "Fetch the priest."

"I'll bring him past Marie's windows," said Jeanne, and went out, leaving Petit-Luch to watch.

"Do you think you will die in time, Daddy Luch?" the child asked.

"I don't know," he said.

The priest came and went. At the sight of his coming the interest of the village, which had fallen at Yvon's death, rose again, and a group gathered about the door and peeped through the windows at old Luch lying on the

bed. He knew they were wondering whether he would be Ankou or not. He heard Marie laugh, shrilly.

The only distinction that he had ever come near was flitting from him with the minutes. But he could not hold his thoughts to pray for death. His thoughts ran this way and that, like unwatched sheep—now to the dead Yvon, now to Jozon dead the year before and Ankou, now to the boasts of Marie, now to Jeanne, now to the omens. The omens were all for death, but would death be swift enough in following them?

With the coming of night he grew very weak. He was nearly dead. The thought comforted him, and with that comfort he felt less ill, and so was wretched again.

"The candles?" he asked, after a long silence, in which Jeanne's needles had seemed to count the seconds like the clock.

"I have them," she replied, and pointed to them where they lay beside three empty candlesticks.

It was clear that Jeanne thought he was dying; clear, too, that the village thought he would live, for the group in the street had gone.

"It is snowing," said Petit-Luch.

After that there was no noise but the clock for a long time. Jeanne was no longer knitting, but watched the old man.

Suddenly Petit-Luch, after a long examination of the clock-face, spoke, as one announcing the end of the world.

"It is just twelve," he said.

"Not yet," said Luch, and choked. Jeanne threw her knitting from her lap, and stood up. He stiffened himself, scarcely breathing.

"I . . . Ankou," he whispered, and closed his eyes. He heard the rattle of the candlesticks, and knew that one was being set at the bedside, one on the table, the other grating in the ashes of the hearth. Jeanne bent over him and touched his bloodless old hand.

"He is dead," she said to the waiting child. And Petit-Luch ran out of the cottage to tell the neighbours. The door banged. Luch heard the childish voice, high in triumph: "Daddy Luch is Ankou. . . . Daddy Luch is Ankou. . . ."

For one moment he thought he was dead, so great

was his relief. Then the tic-tacking of the clock gathered itself with a whirr of wheels, and he heard midnight strike. It was the New Year. He heard many steps running in the snow. The door was thrown open, and a cold wind rushed into the little room.

Luch sat suddenly up, before the frightened villagers. There was terror in his face, and he cried out with a hoarse voice, so loud that there were some who doubted it was the devil himself, "Yvon . . . Yvon!" and dropped back dead indeed.

Night Work at the Forge

By Alfred Williams

WHATEVER the trials of the day shift at the forge may be, those of the night turn are sure to be far greater. For the daytime is the natural period of both physical and mental activity. The strong workman, after a good night's rest and sleep, comes to the task fresh, keen, vigorous, and courageous. Though the day before him be painfully long—almost endless in his eyes—he feels fit to do battle with it, for he has a reserve of energy. In the early morning, before breakfast, he is not at his best. He has not yet "got into his stride," he tells you. His full strength does not come upon him suddenly; it develops gradually. He can spend, and spend, and spend, but cannot exhaust. Nature's great battery continues to yield fresh power until the turn of the afternoon. Then the rigid muscles relax; the flesh shows loose and flabby; the eyes are dull, the features drawn, the whole body is tired and languid.

But this is with the day shift, working in the natural order of things. All this is changed in the case of the night turn. There nature is inverted; the whole scheme is reversed; the workman, unless he is well seasoned to it, cannot summon up any energy at all, and he cannot conquer habit, not after months, nor even years, of the change. When, by the rule of nature, he should be at his strongest, and the exigencies of the night shift require that he should sleep, that strength, bubbling up, keeps him awake, dead tired though he be; and when he requires to be active and vigorous, just the reverse obtains: the energy has subsided, the sap has gone down from the tree; nature has retired, and all the coaxing in the world will not entice her forth, until such time as the day dawns and she steals back upon him of her own free will. That is what most of all distinguishes the night from the day shift, and makes it so wearisome for the pale-faced toilers.

There is a poignancy in preparing for the night shift;

the feeling is really one of tragedy. This is where the unnaturalness begins. Everyone but you is going home to rest, to revel in the sweet society of wife and children, or parents; to enjoy the greatest pleasures of the worker's day: the evening meal, the happy fireside, a few short hours of simple recreation, and, afterwards, the honey-dew of slumber. It is drawing towards night; night that was made for man; night for pleasure and rest, peace, joy, and compensations; while you—here are you off to sweat and slave for twelve dreary hours in a modern inferno, in the Cyclops' den, with the everlasting wheels, the smoke and steam, and flaring furnace, and piles of blazing white-hot metal all around you.

Arrived at the shed you are greeted with the familiar and dreadful din of the boilers, the loud roar of the blast, and the whirl of the wheels. The rush of hot air overpowers you for the moment; you feel nearly suffocated already, and half stagger through the smoke and steam to reach your fire and machine standing under the dark sooty wall. As you thread your way in and out among the furnaces, and between the piles of iron and steel, you receive a violent dig in the ribs with the long handle of the man's shovel who is clearing out the clinkers from beneath the furnaces; or the ash-wheeler, stripped to the waist, and dripping with sweat, runs roughly against you with his wheelbarrow with a loud "Hey-yup"; or otherwise assails you with, "Hout o' the road, yels I'll knock tha down," and hurries off up the stage to deposit his load, and down again to get in a stock of coal for the furnaces.

Here the smith is preparing his fire, while his mate breaks up the coke with the heavy mallet; the yellow flames and cinders are leaping up from the open forge by the steam-saw. The oil furnaces are puffing away, and spitting out their dense clouds of pitchy smoke, filling the shed, while the stamper fixes his dies, and oils round, or half-runs to the shears in the corner demanding his stock of iron bars forthwith. The old furnaceman, sweating from the operation of clinkering, shovels in the coal and disposes it with the ravel; the forging hammers glide up and down, clicking against the self-act; while the forger and his mates manipulate the crane and ingot, or charge in the blooms or piles. Everything is in a state of the

utmost animation, and everyone is in a desperate hurry, eager to start on with the work and get ahead of nature before she flags too much; it is useless to wait until midnight, or count upon efforts to be made in the hours of the morning. Now presently you, too, take off hat, coat, and vest, and hang them up behind the forge, then bind the leathern apron about your waist, shout "Hammer up" to your mate, and prepare to thump away with the rest.

So the general toil proceeds, in every corner of the smithy. The brawny forger pulls, tugs, or pushes the heavy porter; the stamper runs out with his white-hot bar, sparkling and spluttering, and holds it over the die, then presses the treadle with his foot, and "Pum-tchu, pom-tchu, ping-tchu, ping-tchu," goes the steam-hammer. Now he turns it over deftly, blows away the scale and excrescence with the compressed air, and "Pom-tchu, ping-tchu" again. Here he claps the forging in the trimmer machine; click goes the self-act, down comes the tool, and the finished article drops through on to the ground. Now the stamper thrusts the bar into the furnace, turns on more oil, and off again. The sparks swish and fly everywhere, travelling to the furthest wall; he wipes away the sweat with the back of his blistered hand, looking half-asleep, and rolls the quid of tobacco in his cheek.

Hard by the smith is busy with his forge and tools. His mate looks ghastly pale and thin in the yellow fire-light, though he himself is fat and well. He sets the blast on gently, till the iron is nearly fit, then applies the whole volume to make the iron soft and "mellow." This lifts up the white cinders in sheets, and blows them out of the front, too, and now and then they lodge on the blacksmith's arms or in his hair, but he shakes them off, and takes scarcely any notice. He jerks the "jumper" up and down once or twice, turns the "heat" round quickly, then shuts off the blast, and, with a lion-like grip of the tongs, brings it to the anvil and lays on with his hand hammer, while his mate plies the sledge. Presently he throws down his hammer, grips the "set tool" or "flatter," and his mate continues to strike upon it till the work is completed. If the striker is not proficient, and misses the mark once or twice, he jerks out, in a friendly tone: "On the top, or go home"; or "Go and get some chalk"—*i.e.*, to whiten the

tool; or "Follow the tool. Follow the tool, you okkerd fella." Once when a smith had a strange mate—a raw hand—with him, and bade him "follow the tool," when he put that down the striker continued to go for it till it flew up and nearly knocked the smith's eye out, but he excused himself on the ground that he thought he had to follow the tool.

Here is a skinny, half-naked fellow, struggling with all his might, trying to draw a heavy bogie piled up with plates or "blooms" of metal, half a ton weight or more. His head is thrown far forward, about a yard from the ground; his arms, thin and small, are strained like rods of iron behind his back; only his toes grip the ground. He shouts out to someone near for help. "Hey! gie us a shove a minute." "Gie thee tha 'itch," or "Ast the gaffer for a mate. I got mi own work to do," the other replies, and continues hammering away.

Next is a belated stamper in want of tools. "Hest got a per o' tongs to len' us a minute, ole pal?"

"Shove off wi' thee, an' make a pair; or else buy some, like I got to. Nobody never lends I nothin'," is the answer returned.

"Come an' gie I a blow yer."

"Gie thee a blow on tha 'ed. I got no time to mess about wi' thee."

Another is concerned as to the hour. "What time is it, mate?"

"Aw! time thee wast better"; or "Same as 'twas last night at this time. Thee essent a bin yer five minutes it."

Perhaps the steam pressure is low. "Wha's bin at wi' the steam, matey? We chaps caan' 'it a stroke."

"Got twisted in the pipes, I 'spect. Go an' put thi blower on, an' fire up a bit, an' run that slag out."

This one cannot get his supply of bars from the shears. "Now, Matty! hasn't got that iron cut? I can't wait about for thee!"

"Dwunt thee be in sich a caddle. Thee ootn't get it none the zooner. Other people got to live as well as thee, dost naa."

"All right. I shall go and see he"—(the overseer).

"Thee cast go an' do jest whatever thee bist a mine to. 'Twunt mak' a 'appoth o' difference. I be gaffer yer."

Presently the overseer comes up. "Hey! can't you let these chaps on, Matthews?"

"Naw! I caant. Tha'll ef to woite a bit. Yer's some as bin a woitin' all night, ver nigh. Chen' no good to plag I, yels ya won get nothin' done at aal."

Hear the forgeman bellowing at his driver. "Go on! Go on! Hit 'im! Hit 'im! Hit 'im! Light ther! Light! 'Old on! 'Old on! Woa then! Cast n't stop when I tells tha? Dost want to spile the jilly thing? Now, Paul, gie us up they gauges. A's too thick, now. Up a bit, ther! Hit un agyen. Light, now! Light! Light! That'll do! Woa! Yer! take 'old o' this bar, an' gie us that cutter. Now, Strawberry! turn 'e over in the fire, an' don' stand ther a-gappatin. Aaf thi 'ed 'll drop off in a minute. Ther's a lot to do yet, else ya wunt get no balance. Hout o' the road, oot!"

"Haw—w—rr—ight! Kip yer wool on. 'Tis a long time to marnin' it. Thees make a good slave-driver, thee oost. All's thees wants is the whip," the other replies.

"Shet thi 'ed, an' mine thi own business, else I'll fetch the gaffer to thee," the forger retorts savagely, then shouts again: "Pull up ther, an' le's 'ev un out on't. We be all be'ind agyen. Everybody else 'll a done afore we begins. Hang on to that chayn, Fodgy. NOW then! ALL together! Ugh!"

So the ingot is brought out again, with shouts and cries, the rattling and jingling of chains, and the loud roaring of steam in the roof outside. The blaze of the furnace and the spluttering white-hot metal make it as light as day in the shed. The forger and his mates stagger under the weight of the ingot and porter bar, and incline their heads to escape the fierce heat. Their faces and necks are burnt red and purple—of the colour of blood-poisoning—their shirt-sleeves are hanging loose to protect their arms; they wear thin, round, print calico caps on their head, and stout leathern aprons about the waist. At the first blow the sparks shriek around, especially if the ingot is of steel, well heated. The smiths yell out loudly, and rush to save their clothing hanging up by the wall. The men's faces look transfigured in the bright light. Their shadows, huge, fantastic and terrible, reach high up the wall to the roof. The smallest object is thrown into relief,

and the shafts of the sledges cast a shadow as sharp and clear as from the sun at midday. As the mighty steel "monkey" descends, half covering the white mass, the shadow falls on the roof, walls, and machinery around, and rises as the smooth shapely piston glides upwards into the cylinder. Up and down, up and down it goes, like the continual rising and falling of a curtain, till the heat of the forging diminishes and the rays of the metal are no longer able to overpower the light cast out from the fire-holes and the smoky, sleepy-looking gas-jets hanging in lines adown the smithy.

As the iron becomes cooler the hammer beats harder and harder; the oscillation is greater and the sound louder, nearly approaching a ring. The steam roars overhead, and leaks and hisses through the joints of the pipes and glands. The oil in the stamper's dies explodes with a cannon-like noise; the huge hydraulic pumping engines "tchu-tchu" outside; the wheels whirr and hum away in the roof, and the smith's tools clang out or ring sharply on the anvil. Without, through the open doors, the night shows inky black; the smoke and steam beat down and are blown in with the wind, or the fog is sucked in quickly by the currents. Sometimes the rain beats hard on the roof and runs through in streams, or the wind clatters along among the stacks and wooden ventilators with a noise like thunder; or, if it is mid-winter, the light, feathery snow-flakes are wafted in from above, and sway to and fro and round and round, uncertain where to lodge, until they are dissolved with the heat, and finally descend in small drops like dew upon the faces and arms of the forgers.

The first spell is at ten o'clock—that is, after four hours of terrific hammering and sweating. This is the supper-hour. Here the engines stop and the wheels cease their grinding. The roar of the blast has ceased, too; there is not a flicker from the coke-fires. The old furnaceman is still shovelling away—the forger was on till the last minute—now he "stops up," lays a little coal dust along the furnace door, shuts off his "blower," puts down the damper, and proceeds to rinse his hands in the "bosh" of water. All the while he was attending to his fire he had his wiper about his neck, and held one corner of it in his mouth. After drying his hands, he gives his grimy face a

good rub with it, goes to his clothes under the wall, slips on his waistcoat, stirs his tea in the can with the blade of his pocket-knife, takes his food from the peg, and comes and sits down near the furnace or in the sand-bunk. The one in charge of the steam walks from boiler to boiler, setting on the injectors; these admit the cool water with a murmurous, sleepy sound; there is no priming yet. The old furnaceman does not eat much. He tastes a little, gives a bite here and there, then wraps the whole lot up again.

"Bist n't agwain to 'ae thi zupper, then?" someone inquires.

"No-o! Caan zim to get on wi't to-night," he answers.

"Well, chock it out for thaay owl' rats, then; thaay'll be glad on't. Yellacks is a girt un ther now, in atween thaay piles!"

Here and there a small party will sit together and chat the meal-time away; or a few will attempt to read; but very soon the book or newspaper slips from the fingers; the eyes close and the mouth opens, the toiler is fast asleep. Presently someone comes on the scene with a loud shout: "Hey-yup! What, bist thee vly-ketchin' agyen? Get up an' check, else tha't be locked out"; or another staggers round, with half-shut eyes, and bawls out: "Ow beest bi tiself, Bill?" the reply to which generally is: "Thee get an' laay down"; or "None the better for thy astin." Occasionally some will start singing a song or hymn, and be immediately assailed with loud cries of "Laay down, oot"; or "Yeow! Yeow!" or "Kennul! Kennul!" or a lump of coal is thrown against the roof to break and fall in dust upon the disturbers of the peace. Some spread old rivet-bags before the furnace and lie down upon them, and others lie upon the bare bricks or iron of the floor. A few minutes before eleven the stragglers arrive back from the town; the old furnaceman bestirs himself, lifts the damper, sets on the blower, routs the coals of the fire, and shouts "Come on, yer," to his mates. The steam-hammer man opens the valve and raises the "monkey," making it glide up and down to work the water out of the cylinder; the forgemen and smiths bustle about again, and the terrific din recommences.

So the furious toil proceeds, hour by hour: Bang, bang,

bang; pum-tchu, pom-tchu, ping-tchu, ping-tchu; cling—clang, cling—clang; boom, boom, boom; flip-flap, flip-flap; hoo-oo-oo-oo-oo; rattle, rattle, rattle; click, click, click; scrir-r-r-r-r-r-r-r; hiss-s-s-s-s-s-s; tchi-tchu, tchi-tchu, tchi-tchu; clank, clank, clank, clank, clank. The noise of the steam and machinery drowns everything else. You see the workmen, standing or stooping, pulling, heaving, tugging, dragging to and fro, or staggering about as though they were intoxicated, but there is no human sound, beyond the occasional shouting of the forger, heard above the jerking and droning of the injectors. It is a weird living picture, stern and realistic, such as no painter could faithfully represent. If the oil supplying the stampers' forges is worse than usual, the dense clouds of reeking nauseous smoke hang over you like a pall, so thickly that you cannot see your fellows a few paces away, making it intensely difficult to breathe, and adding a horrible disgust to the unspeakable weariness. Then the bright flashing metal and the white gas-jets show a dull red; even the sound seems deadened by the smoke and stench, but this is merely the effect of the impurity upon the sense organs; they are so much impaired with the grossness of the atmosphere as to fail in their functions. By-and-by, when the air has cleared somewhat, it all rushes back upon you with increased intensity; everything is swinging and whirling, and you seem to be whirled round with it, with not a thought of yourself, who you are, or where you are, or what you are doing, but keep toiling mechanically away.

Ofttimes you would be quite lost, but the revolutions of the machine, the automatic strokes of the hammer, and the *habit* of the job control you; or, if this should fail, your mate, half-asleep, throws his heat along to you, and lets it fall upon your toe, or sears you with the hot tongs, or misses the top of the tool at the anvil, and strikes your thumb instead: there are many things to keep you awake, and always the fear of not earning your money for the shift, and having to face the chargeman or overseer. The faces and fronts of the smiths and forgers, as they stand at the fires, are brilliantly lit up, yellow or orange; here are the piles of finished forgings and stampings upon the ground, white and yellow, bright red, dull red, and almost black hot; the long tongues of fire leap up from the coke forges;

there is plenty of colour, as well as animation, in the picture, which obtains greater intensity by reason of the blackness outside.

The second stop is at two o'clock, and is of brief duration—twenty minutes or half an hour at the outside. It is merely a break to have a mouthful of food, a something, so that it shall not be said that the men have to toil for seven consecutive hours in that unspeakable weariness. Here the huge engines become silent again, and the heavy pounding stops. The wheels and machinery under the wall look as inert and innocent as though they had never moved; it would be difficult to imagine that they were capable of such noise and uproar if you had not heard it yourself a few minutes before. The boilers, relieved of the strain upon their resources, begin to prime again with a continued crashing, shattering sound, which the boilerman tries in vain to subdue with cold water through the injectors. The furnace glitters, and the oil forges smoke; the air is laden with the peculiarly nauseous fume of the water-gas, making the toilers feel sick and ill and preventing the appetite. Only the tough, wiry forgeman, the strong smith, or the hardy coalies and ash-wheelers can attack the viands; the rest usually go to their jackets, open their food, look at it, eat a little half-heartedly, perhaps, and wrap it up again.

Punctually to the moment the engines begin to whirl again; the piston-rods, gliding slowly at first, soon increase in speed; the huge crank, flashing in the bright gaslight, leaps over and over; the great belt strains and creaks as though it would shirk its labour, and the turning of the shaft overhead, but the heavy flywheel spins round and the little pulleys and cogs go with it; they must all obey the urging of the mighty steam wizard lurking in the green-painted cylinder.

About three o'clock, or soon after, the weariness begins to diminish somewhat; the old habit of the body reasserts itself; the natural hour of repose is passing; you feel to be approaching the normal condition again. The fatigue gives way to a feeling of unreality; you seem dazed and irritable, as though you had been dragged out of bed before the time. You experience deep pains in the chest, resulting from the loss of sleep; the head aches as though it would

split; the eyes are painful and gritty, but you feel cheered at the thought of daylight, the coming cessation of toil, and the opportunity of getting a breath of fresh air again.

A few minutes before six o'clock the engines slow down and stop; the roar of the blast ceases, the steam-hammers are lowered with a heavy thud; the furnace fires are banked up; the mighty toil is over—for to-night, at any rate. Here the forgers and stampers unbind their aprons and roll them up; the smiths stow their tools, placing these in the iron box, those in the boshes of water, to soak the shafts and tighten the handles of the sledges; then swill their hands at the tap, put on muffler, jacket, or great-coat, and file out of the shed, dirty, dusty, tired, and sleepy-looking. Not for them the joy of morning; the vigour, freshness, and bloom; the keen delight in the open air; the happy heart and elevated spirit. They slouch away through the living stream of the day toilers now arriving, as black as sweeps, half-blinded with the bright daylight, feeling unutterably and unnaturally tired, out of sorts, and out of place, too, and crawl home like rats to their holes, to snatch a little rest and recuperate for new efforts to be made the following turn.

THE KAISER'S WORLD WAR

World-Power or Downfall

By Austin Harrison

A GREAT many people in this country are still labouring under the delusion that the war is the act of a small set, called the Military Party, in Germany, which, as a nation, was forced into hostilities in obedience to the Higher Command. Till the Kaiser declared war it is the fact that half our present Government, the majority of Liberals and vast numbers of Englishmen engrossed in games, party politics, and in their own private businesses, did more or less sincerely believe in the pacific attitude and policy of Germans, based largely on the great success achieved by learned and material Germany—a success which, in truth, has been the outstanding phenomenon of this century.

Only the other day, artistic and wealthy London was applauding Strauss to the roof. A short while previously England was feasting the discoverer of 606. History seemed to have become the monopoly of the Germans. In all our libraries, laboratories, schoolrooms, operating theatres, and cloisters of thought and research the German method, German thoroughness, German comprehension stood as the burgonet of distinction. Assyriology, Egyptology, the Holy Book, these things have been German, the affair of the *Privat-dozent*. In music, Germany led supreme. Most of the authoritative works on painting, architecture, lore, legend, philosophy, disease, political economy, Byzantinism, the interpretation of Shakespeare, the classics, the Greeks, the Romans, the Jews, the Moors, the Goths, the Early Britons, the Popes, and the Infidels—these things belonged to the higher criticism of the Germans. The world's science, the world's knowledge, the world's upper civilisation seemed to be the vested right of Teutonic industry. Even Social Democracy was a German invention.

What ecclesiastical controversy there has been during the

last decade has been carried on by Germans—Professor Harnack became the Emperor's chief apologist of divinity, and in his wake all other professors aspiring to Royal favour were set to fumble at the mystery of creation, and did so under the inspiration of Treitschke, Bernhardi, Chamberlain, Kant, Fichte, Schopenhauer, Stirner, Nietzsche, Euken—no wonder our professors thought "Smellfungus" the most harmless and learned man in the world. No wonder our schoolmen looked at the Germans through Carlyle's hero-worshipping glasses. In almost every department of thought and study, the student, like Goethe's Wagner, had to turn to German books of reference and erudition. Pianos, toys, chemistry, dyes, everything cheap, everything ingenious, they came from Germany. For authority, we referred to Germany, from old masters, prints, statues, or papyrus, down to what English schoolboys designate as "stinks."

Even on art the German influence has been supreme. All the *nouveau art* business emanates from Germany, from Austria originally, to be exact—the Secessionist, Impressionist, Bavarian school of commercial cheek and blather, which was raging in Vienna in 1898 when I was learning the German grammar there. At that time Weininger with his philosophy of the whore was the hero at Vienna, and greater than he was the Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain whose book, "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," threw the Kaiser into such a paroxysm of delight that he ordered it to become the standard work of German national opinion at all universities, schools, and centres of education, himself paying for 80,000 copies.

After Weininger came Wedekind, also a Jew, and with his play, *Spring's Awakening*, Berlin founded the "new" movement of eccentricity and *pumpernickel*, so much so that, not to be outdone, the Kaiser, who annually refused to bestow the Poetry prize awarded by the Goethe Literary Council on Hauptmann, immediately caused gilt crowns to be placed on the marble statuary of some of his pet forbears in the "Avenue of Victory." The Kaiser's gilt art proved infectious. There came Reinhardt, the Cabaret craze, the all-night dancing saloon life of *Gross*, or Great Berlin, while long before Marinetti, German journalists wrote onomatopoetic rhapsodies which quite outshone anything the Italo-German school have since attempted.

The point to notice—and it is worth noting—is that this German tinsel art movement spread over Europe. The Venetians began to talk of their obsolete canals and ridiculous Doge's palaces. Legless tables appeared on the market. There was to be no line, symmetry, contour in art. Mysticism, table-turning, spiritism became the craze, and Frau Rose, the beautiful, made a fortune till one day she imposed on the public too far, when the police interfered and locked her up. The movement was eagerly seized upon by commercial enterprise. What the other day here we were gibbering about as the new decorative art, "new" poetry, "new" brushwork, the new furniture, the Sadic-Salomic school, in short—all this came from Germany, where it flourished five years ago. Poets began to declaim against rhyme, beauty, reason. Byron was dubbed an "old fogey," Tennyson a mere jingler. The thing was the label, and the more eccentric the work perpetrated the more the Berlin, Bavarian, and Viennese public acclaimed it. Art broke out, as it were, the object being to reverse all the old forms and standards, and so escape from all the old difficulties. Seven years ago Berlin went mad over Oscar Wilde, chiefly because he was a homosexualist. I cannot enter into the "scandals" of the "Round Table" fraternity here, but the showing up by Maximilian Harden of the astonishing practices of the gentry in the Kaiser's Cabinet and entourage revealed a state of things in Berlin which compelled the Emperor in his own despite to take strict disciplinary measures to stamp out the widespread moral corruption in his Court and in the Army.

Long before the Parisian cocotte took to the "new" art in Paris, German literary men wrote music, and German musicians composed literary pieces, and German painters, under the inspiration of *Simplicissimus* and the Munich school, painted in conic sections, and a very profitable trade it was to both producers and middlemen.

After the exposure of the Round Table, Germany took up the nude school of culture, an idea derived from the dancing of Isadora Duncan. It became the *grand chic* of an advanced set to give naked parties, one of which I attended as a spectator. I shall never forget the sight of two score Falstaffian, beer-swollen German tummies wobbling over the discussion of *Mrs. Warren's Profession* in a Berlin

salon, the shrieks which greeted the entry of the newcomers and the ladies, the curious shamelessness, the vulgarity, the ugliness of this parade of Rubens flesh, the men all smoking huge cigars, and the women, whose sole apparel consisted of bracelets, anklets, rings, tiaras and fans, waltzing around with their "Willies." And these were not people of the "gay" world. On the contrary, they were perfectly serious and respectable. I mention it because this naked craze was all part of the new German movement; was, in fact, called the "physical culture" movement. This nude cult all developed from the Germanic idea of Tannhäuser strength and force philosophy. Parties of fat bourgeois families would go to spend an evening watching the market in women in the *cafés* provided for that purpose, or to the homosexualist dancing places, where life could be studied in all its perversities.

All this "new" psychology, new drama, new art impertinence is German. Whether the thing be called Secessionist, Futuristic, or Vorticist, its German brand is unmistakable; it comes straight from Bavaria, kibbled from the vats of Munich.* It is interesting, however, to note that Paris never stomached the full text of Wedekind's play on the stage, a fact which we who are apt to judge the French by the atmosphere of their comedies may well remember; nor has Paris ever indulged in naked "culture" evenings and the æstheticism of the "Virgin and Sandal" côteries, who thought they were going to turn the capital of Bavaria into the art centre of Europe.

It is worth while observing these things now because they all contributed to promote the idea of German peacefulness and culture, hypnotised, as we were, by German civilisation which had spun its patterns of materialism over all forms of æsthetic life west of Russia, poisoning the creative wells. Part of the gigantic German bluff, this German art movement was essentially the imposition of swagger, derivative of the Jackboot of militarism. If we can see now the cheapness of this spurious artistry of *Deutschtum* or Germanism, it is none the less curious to realise our escape from the Germanic myth which for a decade has held half Europe in thraldom.

The newness of it exercised the fascination of all novelty,

* See Kandinsky, "The Art of Spiritual Harmony." (Constable.)

in particular upon theorists, individualists, and idealogues who pullulate in this island. We heard vague rumours of Bavarian art, we saw the German imprint on all our calicoes and calculations, but for some odd reason very few of us ever went to Germany or studied Germany, nor, despite the attractions of "all-night" Berlin, has that city ever attracted "society" or even the traveller; moreover, latterly our Press has tended more and more to suppress the German "end," so that we never realised how Germanised even our art was becoming, or what the Germans at home were in the least thinking about. The higher criticism was grateful to Germany for having re-introduced us to Shakespeare, our theatres were grateful to Germany for having introduced us to Bernard Shaw. Sumurun appeared, and we delighted in it; the Greek play came over, and we raved; the "Miracle" theatricality came over, and we cast up our eyes to heaven. In the concert world no Englishman stood a critical chance unless he had a rich man behind him. Thus on art and life, on learning and thought, on all scientific and intellectual activity, the truth seemed to come out of Germany, though, as a fact, for the last thirty years [since the Kaiser came to the throne] no great German artist, writer, musician, thinker, poet, painter, sculptor, or philosopher has appeared—those whom we recognise as notable belonging all to the former generation, the generation of German humility.

To this must be added the Norman Angell theory. For some years past it has been noticed that diplomacy had lost its old-time status, that finance—capitalistic industry, enterprise, interest and industrialism—had assumed the position formerly held by diplomatists. So intricately and indissolubly connected had the network of Trade, Capitalism, Revenue, and Credit become internationally, that nationally the Flag, Governments, statesmen, and policy seemed no longer to represent the power of nationality growing more and more democratic, material, cynical, and "civilised," as the result of the great facilities for travel, communication, and knowledge of other peoples opened up under the driving power of the new philosophy of economics which, in all its aspects and interests, was selfish and material. This Mr. Norman Angell explained rightly enough. Where he went wrong was in his own illusion of the illusion.

He saw only money, interest, materialism, credit—he forgot the will of man. He looked on the world with the vision of the bucket-shop. It never occurred to him to consider that as materialism breeds materialism and no rich man has ever yet been known to say that he was rich enough, so also has no people. He forgot Germany, the German Army, the Kaiser, the German intention. With the habitual one-sidedness of the theorist, he left out of his accounts the human side of man in his admiration for the machine—ideology, the truth which all history has shown again and again that the world is controlled and moved ultimately by ideas and not by matter.

Side by side with the growth of industry, there has gone Militarism, the European heritage of Bismarck. This is where the broker philosophy of Mr. Norman Angell failed. He thought that wealth was stronger than man, that matter was greater than the spirit. And a great many people agreed with him. They, too, believed that Plutocracy was a bigger thing than mind. And, theoretically, the premiss looked both plausible and acceptable, if only for the reason that war in Europe threatened to bring ruin to the very Captains of Industry who swayed its governance. Then, too, the European system of Alliances seemed to provide a sure guarantee of continued peace. The idea of war appeared incredible. Men never stopped to consider the psychology of capital, to reflect on the methods of capitalism as ruthless in their economic incidence as the murderous work of armies. On paper no Power seemed more dependent upon material prosperity, upon business and credit, than Germany with her Ballins and Banks, her world-penetrating ramifications of commercial interests, her interdependence upon the arteries of sea-borne trade and exports, under the personality of the Kaiser surrounded by the great Jewish creators of wealth whom he had publicly made his personal friends. An epigram of Mr. Balfour that the point of European danger now lay on the contact margin of the lower and higher civilisations was accepted as the true wisdom. Numbers of * Englishmen held the opinion that England

* One of the great difficulties serious political writers in England have had to encounter is the cynicism introduced by the paradox school of writers who in their literary search for brilliance have lost touch with earth, to the bewilderment of the public. Clever young Liberal politicians overflow with this paradox "litera-too-re-la-dy."

ought, as Professor Mommsen once plaintively wrote, to march "hand in hand" with "German civilisation." Though the French Revolution gave to Europe most of the ideals she is to-day actually fighting for, Party Liberalism in this country has consistently looked askew at France and, without all question, under the guidance of our political "German authority," Mr. Haldane, has striven to come to an understanding with Germany, even on so dangerous a question as the number of ships of war. Our professors fatuously agreed. There was the Protestant idea, the school-mistress notion that the French were not so "moral" as they might be, our inveterate Puritanism which controls so powerful a section of English party politics, and then, of course, there was the academic theory.

On the surface things looked entirely pacific and promising. A better feeling towards us was apparent in German policy. The stay-at-home theorist argued that Germany would never risk the breakdown of her magnificent trade and commerce for war which would bring about the Armageddon talked of by "journalistic Germanophobes." The traveller and sciolist came back from a little tour in Germany with gushing reports of German order, cleanliness, civic administration and prosperity; with stories of Bavarian insouciance; how that Prussian economic professors would sit down with their wives, after a nice cold supper, at the piano to play Bach and Brahms; of kindly incidents and legendary anecdotes, all pointing to the homely proclivities of Goethe's people. We saw fat Germans in patent-leather boots drinking beer on the way up the *Schreckhorn* in Switzerland, and in truth they looked harmless fellows. They swarmed over all North Italy. In London they waited upon us, shaved us, managed hotels and restaurants for us with commendable intelligence. The best spy-glasses and spectacles were German—we looked through them benevolently. Our daughters went to Dresden to "finish," and came back lovesick for the German uniform. In the minds of six Englishmen out of ten the thought was uppermost that Germany was a God-fearing country, torch-bearer of the super-civilisation.

When Lord Roberts spoke to us of our national responsibility in trust of the Entente, of the necessity of a Citizen Army, we scoffed; even on Jingo platforms the word

Conscription was taboo, though all Europe kept on arming to the teeth and no other Power on the Continent in the least shared our opinions either about Germany or the Kaiser. Those of us who tried to warn England of the growing danger were denounced as "fire-eaters" and "party mongerers," so much so that not a few of us, Liberal in spirit, Free Traders and democrats, found ourselves between two stools, ignored by Liberalism because we insisted upon the German intention, ignored by Conservatism because we were not Food-taxers. The German question, in fact, has been for years past a party affair with us. When my father wrote his prophetic warning last year in THE ENGLISH REVIEW (published in our September issue) several old Liberal friends of his gravely asked me whether it was "fair on him not to edit the opinions of a man grown palpably old." My own humble efforts in this connection have been persistently boycotted by the Liberal Press, and powerful Liberal efforts have been made to have my "anti-German" opinions silenced. Pro-Germanism actually became a political conspiracy, and there can be little doubt that had the German Emperor not been so badly informed about the English character, and so waited for a better opportunity to create the "Greater Germany," he would have had an excellent chance of hoodwinking us into some form of neutrality which would have signed the death-warrant of the British Empire.

How has this nightmare come about? How is it possible that this intellectual, scientific, artistic, musical, Social Democratic Germany assaults civilisation and deports herself on the field of battle with the savagery of the Huns? What is the German case?

The answer is quite simple. We were deceived because we judged the Germans by our own ethics and standards; because we neglected to look at the map of Europe; because we never realised that scientific, musical, bacteriological, picture-dealing, pleasure-loving, professorial, learned and cultured Germany not only possessed no political power in the Fatherland, but was herself intoxicated with Germanic Imperialism. We saw and admired the individual: Sudermann, Ehrlich, Koch, Strauss, Ballin, Krupp, Zeiss, Zeppelin,—we forgot the design and edifice built up by Stein and Scharnhorst, York and List,

Moltke and Roon, Bismarck and Treitschke; the Death's Head Hussar school governing and propelling the national purpose under the supreme control of a religious mystic.

We forgot that Germany has not, and never did have, either a free Press or what we understand by public opinion. We know, for instance, that the venerable Professor Mommsen, in his ninetieth year, wrote a passionate appeal for an understanding between England and Germany; but how many of us know that, as a result, the great historian forfeited the pleasure of his Emperor, whom we have never tired of speaking of as the first personality of his time? Till the translation the other day of Mr. Chamberlain's book, how many Liberal politicians knew even of its existence, or, if they had got through it in the original, in the least realised that a tract (for that is what it amounts to) so one-sided, so vainglorious, so unphilosophical could become the Bible of sixty odd million people celebrated for their intelligence in all Europe? Our professors who knew Germany from the library, our Cabinet which knew Germany from Mr. Haldane, our Liberals* who knew Germany from theory, our Puritans who judged Germany through Protestantism, none of these people ever gave themselves the trouble to study Germany "on the spot"; to follow the German Press; to grasp the meaning of the system of absolute personal government; to reflect on Germany's geographical position hemmed in the centre of Europe; to ask themselves the very simple question, "What is the object of the German Army and Navy, if not as the weapon of offence?"

Here we have Governments who possess real power, constitutionally changing and exchangeable. We have Proconsuls, opinion, a more or less independent Press (politically, at any rate); we have individuals who matter, policies which prevail, systems which apply, standards which hold; we have "sport" and all the potentialities of popular government. But Germany has none of these things: not one. When the Berlin Magistracy some years ago elected a Burgomaster, the Emperor refused to sanction

* Our Liberal Press has taken its opinions from the Socialist, Bernstein; the Economist Gotheim, from Professor Delbrück, etc., and not from the Englishman in Germany. Oddly enough, Germans judged England by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Masterman. So theorists addle theorists.

his appointment, so that for a year or so Berlin had a Burgomaster only by reputation. When the Kaiser wrote a ballet, a hymn, a war poem; designed a steeple, a hospital, a stomach-pump, a church, or a group of statuary, not a man in Germany dared raise his voice in protest, except the Socialists, who, branded as outside the civic pale, came to be regarded as the platitude of Parliamentary opposition, which, in turn, barring the noise and time wasted, had no effect upon anybody. The seeming paradox of modern Germany has been this utter divorce of sane and intelligent opinion from the machine which runs and directs it. If we consider that every second man in Germany has an order, a title, a ribbon; is a servant of the State; is necessarily a soldier; and is consequently so bound socially and professionally to the integument of the State administration, vamped of all power of political criticism, protest, or initiative, we can get an idea of the remarkable singleness of power wielded by authority, which thus arrogates to itself not only the rights of administrative function, but absolutely dominates the national design. In France, which has something of the same system, this influence is neutralised by the elective form of government, by the liberty of the Press, by the idea of the Republic. But in Germany there is no Government other than the Kaiser. There is no opinion on national policy other than that fabricated in the Foreign Office. There is no national code of right and wrong, as we enjoy it with our Ethics of Games. There are no independent voices, for the simple reason that all men capable of independent initiative either join the Socialists or get caught in the coil of the State. And it is here that our theorists went so egregiously wrong.

They never understood the reason of German State Government, either the power of the Imperial machinery or the uses to which it was applied. Let us look at it now for a moment and see what is meant by the position of the Kaiser as absolute War Lord.

First, the machinery. Now this consists primarily of the entire military and civic authority in the Empire. The Kaiser is able to dictate because, acting with and under him, the entire organisation of State and Municipality, of Province and district, with all power of office, privilege or position, are vested in the two services, whose motto is

"implicit obedience"; in the Bureaucracy, with its thousand grades of governmental officials; in the aristocracy, the *Landräthe* (the vice comes of the Normans), the Church, the Law, Conscription, and the throttling agency of titular snobbery, all acting centripetally in trust of the Emperor. With this control of the national power, political, social, economic and administrative, the system owns the police, the Imperial Bank and, through its arteries, the financial resources of the country, the entire Railways and canal systems, the Postal and Telegraph services; has a military lien on all big ships of the great shipping companies, the sole right of conferring the thousand-and-one titles every second German aspires to; the sole right of bestowing orders; the monopoly, in short, of all civic position and preferment outside the artistic and purely business world.

Under the system, all education and the Universities stand in the Imperial bondage. The schools being all State schools, the entire education of Germany is so controllable from above. History has thus been taught in the schools on extreme Pan-German lines; in every school the German boy has been taught to regard England as the great enemy of Germany, and any professor who ventured to counteract the stream of lies introduced into the modern German curriculum would have lost his position at once. The Law, too, being part of the Governmental system, every judge, barrister, solicitor, and lawyer's clerk is a number in the regimental State machine; and the same applies to the Church, the income-tax collector, the Revenue taxation department, and to all officials, down to the office-boy in the post office, and all who wear the State uniform.

As the military class takes precedence of all others, gives the tone socially and matrimonially to all strata, all conditions of civil life are permeated with the military and bureaucratic spirit, ribboned together in a maelstrom of snobbery, social and professional ambition, with its inevitable and calculated effects upon marriage and consequently upon the whole education, attitude and position of German women. Thus, through all forms of civic life, Germans are held in servility, in disciplinarian control under the drill of the system which constitutes the greatest organisation of masonry that the world has ever known.

To understand what this means we must realise that every schoolgirl aspires to marry a lieutenant; that every

lawyer, every articled clerk, every postman, every fireman, every railway man, every school-teacher, every forester, every tax-collector, every University lecturer (as the State servant of Empire) regards himself as an integral part of the administration, necessarily and disciplinarily obliged to act and think accordingly. All professional careers are in this way controlled by the upper organisation; all bureaucratic employment, advancement and success; all judicial, ecclesiastical, educational, and administrative activity, with the inevitable forfeiture of all freedom of the Press and all knowledge from the outside. Every *Backfisch* is caught in its toils; every eager youth, every anxious mother. The gigantic official world of Germany takes its politics from the Army, while the Army takes it from the Emperor, who so exercises an autocracy greater than any Tsar of Russia or Sultan of Turkey; in very truth, Monarch of all he surveys.

Apply this system to policy, and it is easy to see the immense power of the Sovereign will, and the curious servility of the people who submit to it. It means that no official, no judge, no cleric, no professor, no writer, no intellectual, no man with any social ambition can possess national freedom of thought or expression. The women naturally follow the drum. The Press serves the servers in sequacious deference. The one opposition all these years has come from Social Democracy, ostracised and impotent. Such is the German governmental machine. And such is the reason why individual intelligence, scientific ability, the German artists, the German men of learning, not only possess no public right of say or political authority, but are not even voices crying in the wilderness. In Germany, with her academic system of grooves, pigeon-holes, and departmental specialisation, the men of *Fach* or culture are relegated to the confines of their respective faculties. A botanist is a botanist, and so on, and nothing else. Against the uniformed drill of German administration, with its myriad ramifications acting and reacting upon every branch of office and civic responsibility, the German creators * are powerless, nor have they ever made so much as an effort to assert themselves or protest. To accept, to serve—such is the motto of German civil life. Had the Emperor

* By creators, I mean all writers, poets, artists, thinkers, independent minds, etc., as opposed to the palsied servility of officialdom.

Frederick lived, other conditions might have arisen, and the present war would never have occurred. But with the advent of the Kaiser to the throne the era of the political placeman, of vainglorious mediocrity began. For twelve years now there has been no policy in Germany other than that directed by the Emperor. For twelve years now the national conscience has accepted that policy—the man of letters, the seer, the teacher, the artist, the individual who complained had nothing before him but economic disaster. Drunk with the success of 1870, the German people have placed their souls in the keeping of the Kaiser. Even the thoughtful among them have acclaimed the pan-German attitude. As for war, for the national right to strike, all Germany, arming and prepared, accepted it as the national destiny. Like another *Völkerwanderung*, the German vanity of conquest was the recognised aim of Germanic ambition, and not a German in the Fatherland denied it.

He was not opposed to it, because out of war all the material greatness of modern Germany had arisen; because the profession of war was the historical mission of Prussia and the political heritage of Bismarck. The whole German race has been saturated with this, the Kaiser-idea. It is no exaggeration to say that 90 per cent. of all Germans since Algeciras have yearly expected the present war, have known that sooner or later it was bound to come, and have in every respect sanctioned the military preparedness made for it. No people in history has ever been so conscious of the national aim which intellectual Germany and the Press have expounded for the last twelve years on the racial lines laid down by Treitschke and Chamberlain. War had become the truth and fate of the German people. No nation ever went into war with a clearer sense of its national responsibility. No ruler ever declared war with a fuller weight of support behind him, with feller intention to destroy, with more calculated racial deliberation.

There is one other aspect which deceived us—the religious side. Here again the Germans stood in sharp contrast with Germanism, which always spoke of itself as acting "with God." The modern German is purely cynical and irreligious, but he still reads his Goethe and still preserves the "two souls" immortalised by the poet. It has been said, in consequence, that this is the war of Atheism. Nothing is further from the truth. The Kaiser,

who is a religious fanatic, has invented and superimposed upon his people a religion of his own—the religion of the righteousness of war. Though, philosophically, Germans have shaken off ecclesiastical dogma, they are in this sense the most religious people in Europe in that they associate the majesty of the Hohenzollerns with the divinity of an historical mission. Anyone who has ever heard a German speak of "*Unser Kaiser*" (Our Emperor) cannot have failed to realise the curious religious mysticism connected with his personality, which, if its reason consisted mostly in sentiment, was none the less the religious sentiment of Germany and believed in almost as a fetish. The Army, the bureaucracy, the aristocracy, the professors, all cultivated this gospel, like the fighting Cardinals and Popes of old. Through it, the flag was held in some mysterious fashion to be God's own flag. Through it, the divinity of the Hohenzollerns came to be the madness of Empire. And through it, every political act, every Imperial speech, and the whole national direction came to be regarded as in some special measure the will of the Almighty, by whose divine grace the Kaiser spoke to his people in terms of revelation and sacrosanctity.

God, as we know, can be construed in many ways. We neglected to inquire what was the particular construction of the Divinity actuating the Emperor. But the Germans knew well enough, and when the Kaiser, on the night of the declaration of war, spoke to them from the balcony and bade them, "Go home and pray and God will be with us," we may take it that the German nation anticipated that, as God had enabled them to win in 1870, so He would lead them through Belgium to Paris and the coasts.

So all these years, while we have been thinking what "nice people the Germans are," how "musical," how "homely," how "splendidly vital," how "cultured," etc., Germany has cut her teeth on the religion of war, in expectation of the call of destiny. All these years, while Liberalism* has looked to the "good clever" Kaiser with

* In an article by Mr. H. G. Wells (*The Nation*, September 12th) I read a phrase which ought to be framed in the National Liberal Club—"the superstition of natural virtue has been the curse of Liberalism for a century and a half." It is that curse which has led so many good men to see only the German creators, instead of seeing Germany; why Liberalism is so often wrong in matters of foreign policy, because it sees senti-

his sympathetic Lutherism, and we have clung, like barnacles, to her materialistic "civilisation," real Germany —the Germany of the Kaiser and of the professors, of the German Church and the German Army—has been arming for the great "opportunity," for the conclusion with England and Europe, which, "with God's help," was to liberate the Greater Germany. Nor is any other theory admissible. It stands recorded in a thousand German books, in every speech and action of the War Lord since he came to the throne. War was not only the Idea of Germany, it was her religion and State science. More. It had become the intellectual article of national faith in every professorial Chair in the Empire.

Years hence, no doubt, the historians will search anxiously for some justification for the German outbreak, as they will strain their talents to explain the paradox of the two Germanies; the one all industry, culture, creation, and commercialism, the other the implacable militarism of Potsdam. They will delve in vain, though in all probability England's gullibility will provide admirable material for the future essayist. The truth is simply this. The whole machine of German government, life, administration, and organisation was founded and run for the purpose of war, and was so accepted by the German people. In that spirit and for that end young Germany grew up and served, and neither reasoned nor doubted. To the Emperor, Germany, grown unutterably brutal, arrogant, and material as the result of her victories and the national militant training, was one corporate offensive arm ready at any moment, for any cause, and anyhow to strike for the mission it was created for. The national reason, sanity, truth, honour—these things they entrusted to the Kaiser. As every able-bodied German was a soldier, so he was the obedient and unquestioning gun-carrion in the Hohenzollern predestined fight, as General Bernhardi wrote, for "World Power or Downfall."

mentally, whereas other peoples don't. Liberalism does not assume that virtue, however, in its home political opponents. As the result of this war whole silversides of Liberal theory will have to go root and branch, with its sentimental spirit of compromise derived from Rousseau. It will have to return to the hardier truth of the Englishman, Cromwell, who saw life as a soldier.

The Kaiser's Failures

By the Editor

It was Oscar Wilde who wrote that "nothing succeeds like excess," nor can any phrase better describe the Kaiser's world-attitude since he came to the throne, or that of his people. Till the war of 1870, the Germans regarded themselves as so many tribes—Bavarians, Swabians, Franks, Saxons, Frisians. Goethe was the pure cosmopolitan. Even after the period of "storm and stress," Fichte's appeal to Germans to rid themselves of "tribal particularism" roused no feeling of nationality which was called into being by Bismarck's policy of blood and iron executed with such signal success by the German Armies. From the hour of the proclamation of Empire at Versailles, the Germans began to "rewrite" history. Spreading from one success to another, Germany (men wrote) woke up "in the wake of her destiny." Everything seemed to go right, to prosper, to develop. The decade 1890 to 1900 was the most intoxicating era of success ever achieved by any people in the Old World. The young Emperor seemed to be a "chosen" leader and creator of nations. Always prone to mystical exaggeration, the Germans began to search for a new definition of the word Success, and found it in the Wagnerian cult of Wartburg lore and heroics—the theory of stature, size, force, and quantity leading to the All-Germanic doctrine of civilisation, the underlying principle of which lay in the arrogance and giddiness of excess.

At one time all the Germans were to be "reclaimed," in America and elsewhere. The colonisation of Brazil became a serious tenet of German policy, and with it all the Low German peoples were to be united, at first economically, then politically—in which comprehensive scheme of aggrandisement the Flemish of Belgium, the

Dutch, the Danes, and Germans of Switzerland were to be included together with the Mouth of the Rhine—the Tiber of New Germany—and, lastly, the Mouth of the Danube on the way [through the German-protected Mahomedanism of Turkey] to the strategic lines of India.

It was here that the German Emperor caught, so to speak, the voice of his subjects. Bismarck and Treitschke had both stopped at the seas. The theory of "satiety," which was the governing principle of Bismarckian statecraft—the idea that Germany in her position of encasement in the centre of Europe could never successfully become a Great Sea Power—was immediately proclaimed to be insufficient and anachronistic, incompatible with the new political science which had come to regard the reclamation of Germans in foreign parts as the right of integral Pan-Germany. In the year 1896, the Kaiser gave formal expression to the new policy which has ever since been the corner-stone of the Imperial design.

"Out of the German Empire a World-Empire has arisen. Everywhere, in all parts of the earth, thousands of our countrymen dwell. German riches, German knowledge, German activity—all make their way across the oceans. The value of German possessions in the seas amounts to many thousands of millions. Gentlemen, the serious duty devolves on you to help me to link this Greater German Empire close to the home country by helping me, in complete unity, to fulfil my duty also towards the Germans in all these foreign parts."

Thus was the policy of reclaiming Deutschtum propounded. At the time it created a prodigious sensation throughout Germany. It was recognised as the new programme of Imperial Government. And the first political act of the Kaiser in assertion of his views was the celebrated telegram, in 1897, to President Kruger.

Immediately, as the result of the Emperor's initiative, intellectual Germany set to work. It being the object to educate German opinion, to rouse the old Philistinism of provincial Germany into national consciousness, a new political terminology arose in which such expressions as "the manure of German culture," the "dynamics of World-Power," the "All mission of united Germany," the "anthropological conception of history," and so on, figured

as popular head-points, all political writings being couched in the dithyrambic style which seemed best fitting for so victorious and God-like a people. The Kaiser set himself to prove that he was the best orator, the best newspaper correspondent, the best traveller, the most brilliant personality in Europe. The idea of "mass power" rapidly penetrated into every form of German expression. The "historic claim" of Germanism appeared in the huge statuary with which the Emperor inundated Berlin; in the colossal emblem to Bismarck placed in front of the tower of Victory; in a bewildering shower of professorial pamphlets scattered broadcast over the land; in a deliberate policy of excess; in the cult of brute force, materialism, display, and mephitic vulgarity; and when it became known that it was the Emperor's wish to make Berlin the gayest and most "vicious" city in Europe, Germans felt indeed that their young Emperor was a "fair knock-out."

Let me relate an example of the Emperor's policy of educating Germany. At one time the Kaiser thought he would make a "Rotten Row" of his Avenue of Victory, and establish a "five-o'clock parade" of the kind we are accustomed to "after church" on Sundays round the statue of Achilles. Police orders were given that between 4 and 6 p.m. there would be a *cortège* of elegant vehicles, and that only "gentlemen in silk hats" were expected. The result was comic and dangerous in the extreme. The Berliner, always ready for a new sight, appeared in tens of thousands—all the charwomen, the riff-raff of the town, the idlers, the lower middle-classes with their wives and families, in such masses that the couple of hundreds of police detailed off to guard the "gentleman's parade" found themselves mobbed and powerless, pushed into the flower-beds, knocked against the gleaming statues of the Electors which adorn the two sides of the Avenue, unable to stem the mob of onlookers, not one of whom ever possessed a topper, not one of whom understood this new interpretation of Germanic culture, and not a few of whom issued from the *mêlée* which ensued with broken heads and bloody noses. As a newspaper man, I was present. When I emerged, my silk hat was smashed in; my purse had been stolen; I had a nasty bruise on the forehead;

I had to fight my way out of the fray and narrowly escaped receiving a cut from a policeman's sabre. For a week the Emperor tried the experiment of "gentlemanising" Berlin, and then he gave it up. It was one of his many petty failures. The Berlin policeman thought he ought to arrest any man not appearing in a silk hat; the Berlin public thought otherwise. So ended one of the strangest of the Emperor's numerous strange fits of political madness, and Berlin had a joke the merrier.

All this was part of the education movement of Germany. The Kaiser went down to the Charlottenburg School and lectured to the engineer students of Young Germany on the centre-point of a ship's equilibrium. Professors instructed their students in the art of keel-hauling civilisation. "Remember you are a German": these words of the Great Elector were dinned into the heads of German schoolboys as the morning and evening prayer of salvation. The most unpopular thing the Kaiser ever did was when he presented the Order of the Black Eagle to Lord Roberts; the most popular moment of his life was when a German warship held up one of our mail-boats off Aden. Even the Wilhelmstrasse could not conceal its delight on that occasion. It was the German Navy's first justification, and as such was hailed with delirium.

Not long after the "Rotten Row" idea, the Kaiser thought he would establish a "gentleman's" opera-house, so orders were given that in all the better seats the men were to appear "*in Frack und Weisser Binde*," or evening dress, and all the ladies in *décolletée*. Again as a pressman I went. Nor shall I ever forget the result. When the hour came, copious indeed were some of the openings, but Berlin does not dress for music, and half the ladies had no low-cut evening gowns, and some of them not low enough, while others explained that they were too elderly to appear with "low necks," and others, again, protested that they had not had time to order them.

The scene which followed baffles description.

"But I am too old; I cannot show my wrinkles."

"No matter, madam, orders have to be carried out. Here is a pair of scissors," and, so saying, the obliging official pulled out an enormous pair for the operation.

"Oh, this is too dreadful! Cut my lace! Show my neck! Never!"

Shriek followed shriek, struggle followed struggle, but the victims heard the overture, and, to be sure, there was no redress.

"Let me help you, madam. See, it is quite easy."

Snip went the scissors, off came the lace; snip went the scissors again, now another piece fell off; snip, snip, fore and aft. The old lady covered up her eyes, from which tears began to flow.

"Why, it's a real Parisian frock! Look at yourself, madam!"

The old lady turned to the mirror. What a transformation! The dreaded salt-cellars were showing; the neck she had never bared to a stranger stood out white against a long V-shaped opening. She felt positively ashamed. She had never shown herself so since her wedding. And as she stared at herself in the glass, another attendant tucked in the odd bits, smoothed, arranged, and finally, giving her a pat, opened the side door. Setting her teeth, the old lady, crimson with shame, marched in, like a Grenadier going to the front.

All round the corridors similar scenes were enacted. The younger women took it in fairly good part. Was it not their Kaiser's wish? Of course. Berlin was becoming such a "Welt-stadt," propriety had to be sacrificed. Snip, snap! "Oh, look at my neck!" "It's not bad, after all." "What will Hugo say when he sees me so—so low?" So the giggling, the protestations, the tears, the Imperial tailory went on. Bare necks, bare bosoms, bare backs, bare shoulders appeared like magic. Round the buxom girls the attendants flocked and cut like demons, snip, snip, in the Kaiser's name. Soon the corridors looked like the cutting-out room of a big clothing establishment. It was wonderful to see the changes effected, the ease with which low necks were fashioned, the adroitness of fingers pulling, tucking in, rolling up, pinning down. No need for dress-maids; the German officials performed their office like dragoons. In half an hour all gowns were snipped out and down to the Imperial load line. The doors were closed. Up went the curtain. The attendants appeared with brooms and dust-pans. Long

before the interval all traces of the sartorial struggle had disappeared. And I managed to meet the charming lady whose dress I had helped to accommodate, and took her out to supper.

So Germanism was made. So the Kaiser ruled "with God." So All Germany became the gospel of the people, with might for right and country.

None the less, the Opera House policy failed, and in a short time Germans went to the Opera in their day clothes again, just as they refused to wear the "*cylinder*" or top-hat. And now let us see politically what the Imperial course of "excess" led to, what real successes it achieved, what Germany has done since Bismarck left the helm of State to deserve the pæans usually accorded to her.

Here is a brief summary of Germany's chief failures, all of which are incontestable.

It may be dated from the telegram to President Kruger, which alienated British sympathies and first drew our attention towards the personality of the Emperor. Next there was the German blundering over the Spanish-American war in 1898. The question touched the Pan-German idea of reclaiming Deutschtum; it was treated accordingly. There was the incident with Admiral Dewey over Samoa, which led to such unpleasantness that Prince Henry was despatched with an olive-branch to the United States, since when the Kaiser, realising that America was more powerful than he had thought, started on his pro-American campaign of gush and lip-service, a classic example of which he has recently given to the world in his historic confession that his heart "bleeds for Louvain." Slowly, German professors began to understand the meaning of the Monroe doctrine. South America, they saw, could not be turned into a "particulate" colony of Germany. The traditional German policy of "indemnities" gradually lost its point so far as America was concerned. Even Brazil had to be wiped off the list of potentialities. The Emperor's rude awakening from his idea of an American-Germany caused him "to switch off" in the direction of flattery, and this course he has kept to ever since, the object being to drive a wedge in between the English and German elements in the States; which seemed to be the only way to counteract

the "confounded sentiment of old Monroe." Still, there was what, at the time, was called the Venezuelan imbroglio, when Pan-Germanism became very busy. The fussy difficulties made by the German Government in agreeing to co-operation with England against Castro's forts was not relished by America. The reverberation of German unpleasantness over the Spanish war came back from America across the waters. Germans were taught that it was an expensive luxury to meddle in other nations' affairs, and Germany learnt her first Imperial lesson. It proved to the world that America was not in the least afraid of Potsdam. Very plainly, German policy had egregiously failed.

There is no need to recapitulate Germany's attitude towards us during the Boer war. The point to remember is Prince Bülow's rough rejection of Mr. Chamberlain's outstretched hand in deference to the Anglophobic opinion rampant in Germany—a mistake this, which Germans have bitter cause now to regret. Prince Bülow acted with the foolish arrogance of a Pan-German professor. The reason he gave out was that Germany was in no mood for Engländerei, and, moreover, had no need of it; and there can be no doubt that this attitude was dictated by the widespread ideas current in Germany at the time that England was in her decline, and must gradually give way before the mass numbers of more vital Continental countries with their conscriptionist armies and "superior" military science.

Then came the Manchurian war, and again the Kaiser failed. First of all, he never believed in war; secondly, all German military opinion took it for granted that Russia would "wipe out" Japan from the East. She backed Russia, and with the Russian defeat the whole fabric of German Far Eastern policy—the policy which at one time, owing to Germany's seizure of Kiao-chau, threatened to lead to the general partition of China—fell headlong to the ground. She had alienated Japan, who, as the Ally of England, policed Far Eastern waters. Thus the German Chinese possessions fizzled out in the isolation of a fort which could not even be protected seriously from the seas. The great Waldersee boom, the childish exultations of Germany over the picture representing "Germans to the Front" at the time of the Boxer revolution, had

yielded nothing more substantial than a defenceless oasis and the strategically worthless port of Tsintau, shutting out all her dreams of Far Eastern territorial expansion, obliterating the German dream of the Russo-German conquest of China, in which Germany naturally was to take French Cochin-China, and even excluding the possibility of international trouble there, ever the axiom of Bismarckian policy.

The next move was Morocco, and once more Germany failed, counting on the legendary "perfidy" of Albion, who, instead of leaving the French in the lurch, actually supported the legitimate rights of France. By treating the young King of Spain with contempt, the Kaiser turned Spain into an enemy. At Algeciras she found Italy coquetting with France; she began to realise the meaning of the "wooden leg" of the Triple Alliance. Austria, at the time, was distinctly "weak." Germany had failed. Thus in the two great convulsions of the decade, 1898–1908—the Boer war and the struggle for supremacy in the East—convulsions which were bound to alter the balance of power in Europe and in the Far East, and so bound to affect German interests, German diplomacy failed, and the results shook and atrophied her whole initiative and political prestige.

Militarily, too, she has failed: in her military judgment of the Boer war, in her military judgment of Russia's war with Japan. Thinking that English opinion had ceased to count in military matters, Germany resolutely opposed the big ship policy, with the result that almost as soon as the Kiel Canal was completed, she had to spend enormous sums in widening and deepening it.

In Europe her policy, since 1908, has consisted in defeat after defeat. The Bagdad Railway policy terminated abruptly in the rails lying on the desert; her plans for colonising Asia Minor, for Germanising the *tracé* of the Anatolian Railways scheme, refertilising Mesopotamia, peopling Chaldea, establishing corn granaries in Syria and Babylonia, and materialising Moltke's dream of German dominion in Turkey—all these plans fell through because Turkey was beaten, because once more German military opinion was completely wrong about the Turkish power of resistance, which formed the basis of the Emperor's

policy of championing Mahomedanism and pandering to Hamidian intrigue.

Up to the recent Balkan war we may sum up Germany's cardinal blunders thus. She refused England's offer of friendship, because she never believed in the possibility of an Anglo-French friendship so long as Egypt remained a British possession. She consistently misjudged the diplomatic game because she invariably misjudged the military powers of the nations involved, and thus found herself cooped up in the centre of Europe, the suspect Power in Europe.

That was her position down to the eve of the second Balkan war, which, ending in the rise of a Great Slavonic interest at the foot of Germany, placed Germany before the arbitrament of war. She had failed in her estimate of that war also. It was always regarded as certain that Bulgaria would win, that Bulgaria could thus easily be made amenable to German shrapnel cajolements, and so take the buffer position of ejected Turkey. The whole German-Austrian policy had been planned with this alternative to Turkey in view. The Bosnian *coup* was a German affair. Austria's shameless bullying of Servia has been a German affair, with the object chiefly to stiffen the German influence in the Austro-Hungarian Empire and so strengthen the Alliance; to help Austria, as it were, to surmount the growing ethnic troubles of Germany's "other arm" towards the consummation of which the troubled relations between Austria and Italy contributed in no small measure.

In every direction, from the date of the Emperor's appearance in World Politics with his congratulatory telegram to President Kruger, German policy has failed, as in every instance her *rôle* has been that of the mischief-maker. Her last failure—the underrating of the Russian Armies as the result of the Manchurian war—is the central fact of the present military situation, and need not be referred to. Yet in no instance can any positive achievement on the part of the Kaiser be established. From 1897 to 1914, the only live things that remain are the trappings and blasts of German *Grossthun* politics, big words followed by colossal blunders. We may cite, among others, "the Admiral of the West," the "Mailed Fist," the

Kaiser's admonition to his troops to "deport themselves like the Huns," "Civis Germanus sum," Prince Bülow's "granite" speech in answer to Mr. Chamberlain, the Waldersee farce in China, the Emperor's entry into Palestine, his speech at Tangier, the German war panic in 1907, when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman suggested general disarmament, the war crises over Morocco, the talk about the colonisation of Brazil, of the Euphrates, of Asia Minor —a record of perpetual interference, aggression, and diplomatic subterfuge which all ended in German humiliation. With the exception of Togo Land, not a German colony ever paid a penny. For fifteen years the Kaiser has sat in Potsdam, like a black panther gnawing at his tail, trying to set Europe by the ears, bullying France, mocking England, goading on the Austrians to push down southwards, now fawning upon Russia, now insolently repelling her, boasting, talking, and disturbing—and one by one the peoples have turned from him.

Germany's last act of disturbance just before the war was the news that Krupps had acquired an interest in the port of Rotterdam, a question which has not yet been explained. No doubt it was of a piece with the policy of the Mannesmann Brothers at Tangier in connection with the Mole; in keeping with the Agadir flutter and the German aim generally, which consists in keeping a German finger in other men's pies.

Yet more twaddle has been written about the Kaiser than of any Sovereign since Napoleon. No man living ever had greater opportunities, finer material to etch upon, greater freedom and greater responsibilities. With the smallest amount of political and worldly astuteness he could have placated France, made friends with England, until his Navy was really able to sail out into the open and meet us, and very likely have created the larger Germany. That he failed is due simply to his inherent littleness and to his overpowering vanity. In reality, he is the creature of his age—the age of advertisement, false values, Press sensation, talk and shallowness. Everything he touched he vulgarised, like the *nouveau riche* of the time. He has turned Berlin into a sink of debauchery and plastered the city over with crude and vulgar statuary. The only thing he gave to German manhood is the Imperial

moustache and "Kaiser champagne." He has prostituted the seats of German learning into schoolrooms of Imperial blather, unfocussed the whole lens of public sanity and usefulness, stifled and held down all that was great and good in the German conscience. Under his shadow not a noble German thought has been born, not a great man has appeared. Like a mastodonic Actor-Manager, he has poured out his banal messages upon the stage of an astonished Europe and got a newspaper "par" wherever he looked. That the Germans took him seriously will assuredly be one of the mysteries of civilisation; that he took himself seriously is Germany's undoing. As he swept away in his vainglorious reign all the old German virtues, so he has gone on stumbling from one blunder to another, the Cockatoo War Lord of Europe. And now the Nemesis that overtakes finally all evil-doers awaits him. Not till he is struck down will the error and falsity that he has set up be removed, and the great German people return to their senses.

I

Intelligent Brutality

By the Editor

HAVING lived in Germany and in German countries for ten years, I should like to say a few words about the brutality of the "civilised Hun" at war, as I had occasion to notice it only too frequently in times of peace. Let me say at once that I have not the smallest wish to pander to incendiary feeling; on the contrary, war is war and not a game, nor am I in the least a sentimentalist as regards human life, which, I hold, we moderns value too highly. In every war accusations and counter-accusations of cruelty and malpractices arise, often baseless but only too often justified, and as there are always alarmists, busy-bodies, and sentimentalists chronically anxious to write to the Press, it is not unnatural that the usual crop of charges of dum-dum bullets, of women ravished, of old men shot, &c., should appear, with "authentic" proofs and photographs which leave no vestige of doubt. I have seen what soldiers calls a "niggers' scrap" myself, and I know that war is unrecordably brutal, bestial in its incidence upon all concerned, and I do not see how it can be helped. It is because I am so conscious of this that I would appeal for calm judgment. I have seen the Cossacks beat men's heads open in the streets. We all heard something of the brutalities of the Allies in the Boxer campaign. Let us remember that the greatest atrocities of modern times were perpetrated by the Belgians in the Congo, and that it was an Englishman, and England, who exposed them. I saw the French behaviour at Casablanca (no prisoners were taken there). Only the other day we heard of the Italian massacre of Arabs in Tripoli. I repeat, war is a disgusting business. It cannot be waged humanely. In modern

conditions it is so awful that soldiers never can be induced to speak about it.

The shame, however, attaching to such acts of vandalism as the destruction of Louvain, Reims, and other towns is another matter. They are facts. They constitute an unnecessary brutality, the psychology of which is worth inquiring into. And that is the aspect of the German method of warfare I would call attention to. In every army there are "brutes." In all wars there are individual acts of cruelty. These things are inevitable. They are incidental to mankind. But the German war system is different. The idea of "striking terror" into the non-combatants of an invaded country is an article of the military regulations. It is recognised as a weapon of the German military science, and, as such, was proclaimed to the world by the Kaiser when he exhorted his soldiers to "deport themselves like the Huns" in China, and to "gain the reputation of Attila."

That is the point. It is the spirit of German militarism, an idea which, through the Army, has permeated into all grades of German civil life.

Now the individual German is not cruel in the sense that the Spaniards, for example, are cruel—a cruelty due very largely to the Catholic teaching that animals have no "souls" (whatever a soul may mean); for the German is fond of pet animals, and cruelty for the sake of cruelty is not a German characteristic. Brutality, on the other hand, is; and the distinction is marked, since cruelty may be defined as a passion, whereas brutality is rather a method. The Spaniard, for instance, loves to see a bull's horns disembowel a horse because of the blood thrill the spectacle affords him, nor has the Catholic Church ever raised its voice to teach him better. That kind of fiendish contemplation of suffering is condemned by Germans, who, passively, are not naturally cruel, any more than we are. Actively, however, the case is different, and here, at once, method intervenes. A German who would refuse to attend a bull-fight, a cock-fight, or any *spectacle* of deliberate cruelty, would think nothing of cutting his horse's back into bleeding weals if the animal jibbed or shied or threw him, his answer being, if you questioned him, that here he was an active agent justified in imposing his will in

accordance with the German spirit of force dominion raised by the "religious right of war" into a national State philosophy. One may put it in this way. The Spaniard is cruel as a passive agent, the German is brutal as an active agent. I have heard Germans complain bitterly of pigeon-shooting at Monte Carlo, which is a passive sport in the sense that there is no opposition, but the same Germans have emphatically justified to me the right of soldiers to shoot at sight all suspected of *Franctirage*, and to destroy any village or town where civilian acts of aggression had been established, on the ground that any such hostility on the part of non-combatants constituted action, which, as such, should justifiably be met by action—or, in plain words, by retributive measures of the severest and most terrorising kind. It is an attitude which, at any rate, possesses logic, which is clearly understood in Germany, which indeed has come to be an axiom of Germanic civilisation and is reflected in all classes of German life.

The Kaiser has so frequently given rein to this idea in his numerous exhortations to his people that the Germans may be pardoned if, taking their cue from above, they have only too successfully educated themselves up to the Army standard of "ruthless attainment of the end in object"—a principle which finds expression throughout all Germany in the phrase "*sich imponieren*" (to assert oneself) regardless of means or cost. This attitude has a terminology of its own. "*Fixieren*," to fix a man with the eyes, is a recognised German practice, and has been the sole cause of many a fatal duel. In University corps circles, it is the established way of getting up a challenge, the man who refuses to send round his card to another fellow who has "fixed" him being ostracised as a coward; and as duelling is the heart's desire of every "corps student," and it is not always easy to find a justifiable motive for challenging any particular man, the simple way of staring at him in a *café* or restaurant has thus become the codicised manner of achieving one's "twenty minutes' slash" at a fellow who otherwise may be the best of comrades. Fighting at the Universities is an associate part of the national education. The fights are not the results of quarrels (though they may be); they are mostly purely arbitrary—friendly—battles, like the old idea of "winning one's spurs," and the scars

on a man's face in after life are the signature of his social status.*

From the Army downwards into the proletarian workshop there has come another German practice, what drill-sergeants term "rolling the eyes." Absurd as it may appear, this rolling the eyes is a recognised German sign of temper, the prelude to disciplinary chastisement. The sergeants use it to awe and hold in the men. Thus if a private, struck on the face by a corporal for having a button off his coat, shows resentment by rolling his eyes, he is liable to further correction, as the corporal would be if he rolled his eyes at a sergeant, and the sergeant would be if he rolled his eyes at a lieutenant, or a workman would be for rolling his eyes at a foreman, or a waiter for rolling his eyes at a head waiter. All this, of course, comes from the Army. It is the civilian's way of showing what a soldier boy he is. It is the idea of authority enforcing the respect of "implicit obedience," and it goes right down into the homes of the people.

With this there is the forefinger sign, the most common gesture of modern Germany. Symbol of punitive discipline, used as a menace and a warning, it is the sergeant's first admonition. The recruit, say, fails at the parallel bars. Amid a volley of oaths the sergeant shakes his forefinger at him. He means "take care." "If you do it again it will go hard with you." The next step would be the rolling of the dread man's eyes. Petty as such a detail may appear, in reality it is interpretative of the modern German attitude and of much that is now astonishing and revolting the world. All over Germany mothers shake their forefingers at their children. All over Germany men shake their forefingers at those beneath them. It is the national gesture, like the Frenchman's shrug of the shoulders, and means just the opposite. "We Germans fear God and otherwise nothing," was one of Bismarck's historic phrases. The shaking of the forefinger is its expression. It represents the civic counterpart of the military doctrine of "striking terror," whence it derives. In a word, it is the

* These duels are admittedly maintained to keep alive the fighting spirit, the bravura of brutality. Anyone who has ever seen a *Mensur* or fight must have been struck by the brutishness of the proceedings, the onlookers all swilling beer and the floor as bloody as the shambles on killing days.

justification of the bully, the social gesture of the strong man who dominates by force and intimidation.*

This doctrine of force and terrorisation is held not only by the Army, but by all classes in the German Empire. Setting up, as it does, implacable degrees and grades of authority, it naturally leads to its conditional antithesis—servile docility with all the evil tendencies and characteristics which inevitably flow from a state of slavery, not the least vile of which is the creation of a licensed brutality towards those whom in turn the bullied feel they may safely bully. The result of this military spirit is the glorification of the martinet. As in the Army the idea of *camaraderie* between officers and men is quite foreign to the military idea, so in civil life the system of command and bullying, of authority and obedience, obtains to a degree unknown and unthinkable in any other country in Europe. If a German wants the waiter, he has to call out, "*Herr Ober*" (Mr. Head Waiter), or the waiter, feeling himself insulted, refuses to come and rolls his eyes. Analysed, the reason is that the simple appellation, waiter, does not convey sufficient respect. The man wants his dignity. Call him "Mr. Head," and he beams, and the reason is that his German vanity has been satisfied. And this curious vanity, derived straight from the military spirit of "enforcing respect," is characteristic of all classes. If you want to please a German, you address him as Von when you know he is a plebeian. You call a youth an "assessor," when you are perfectly aware he has not yet passed his examinations; in a word, the man who wishes to curry favour always goes one better on the title (socially invariably used), just as a street urchin touting for a copper in London shuts a "gent's" cab-door and apostrophises him as "Captain."

The singular thing about this childish vanity is that all Germans are perfectly aware of the fraud of flinging titles at people, of calling a man a "Doctor," say, who is known to be a commercial traveller, and yet it is universally practised; in fact, the habit is so common that if you want to get anything out of a German, by far the quickest and

* No word is oftener heard in Germany than *Beleidigen* (to insult). Every washerwoman has her "suit" in the Law Courts. Libel actions are a national institution, the result of envy.

most practical way is to introduce into the conversation such a phrase as "My dear Count." In one sense it represents the other side of the German forefinger, because it illustrates the very curious effects of their impositional system of respect, each man endeavouring either to enforce or tender it, a social condition thus leading to perpetual confusion and uncertainty, due to the danger of giving offence and the penalties attaching thereto, out of which probably the habit has grown of always going one better to avoid unpleasantness.

These military idiosyncrasies, however droll they may appear superficially, are none the less characteristic of the German spirit of life based on entirely erroneous conclusions of Nietzsche's Superman conceived quintessentially as an intellectual. When Nietzsche wrote, "Be hard, my friends," he meant that a man was to be hard on himself, not in the least what the gregarious "blond beast" (as he called his fellow-countrymen) interprets as the German Zeitgeist, which in its modern military garb has led to a social system of formality, lick-spittle, bullying, and brutality inconceivable to anyone who has not lived in Germany and studied the system at work. For an Englishman to understand the nature of this code, he must try to conceive of a nation of sixty odd million schoolboys acting, as schoolboys do, on strict and traditional lines of what is called "form." Let him recall his old House, and he will remember that if the big boys happened to be industrious, the whole House would be industrious too; and if they happened to be "raggers," why, the whole House would rag likewise. So it is with Germany, only the big boys there are the Kaiser and his Army.

Now the drill watchwords in the Army are three:—(1) Implicit obedience; (2) ruthless carrying out of orders; (3) terror. Right through Germany these principles are acted up to with a brutality only rivalled in the ferocious times of Peter the Great. Every year men kill themselves or die of the treatment received in the Army; and though things got somewhat better recently owing to the powerful agitation of the Socialists, notably of Bebel, who never tired of showing up the scandals and denouncing militarism, the fact is admitted by Germans that the brutality of the Army non-com. is excusable only

by its results. I am not going into that question here; the facts are notorious. The noteworthy point about this brutality is that it is condoned and justified as a necessary evil of the system.

It has led not only to an extraordinary brutality of manner and attitude among the people, but to positive ferocity. Anything more sickening than the brutality with which horses are treated in Germany it would be difficult to imagine. In the Army horses are not "ridden in," they are flogged in. I have seen refractory horses flogged by German dragoons with heavy thongs till the beasts, who were tied up, shrieked. When I subsequently complained to an officer of the regiment to which the men belonged, whom I happened to know, he smiled at me condescendingly. "We Germans don't mince matters," he explained. "Horses have to be licked into shape. The sooner they learn what is wanted of them, the better for them"; and he added, "We don't want circus horses in our Army, like you English." That was all—"*d'raufschlagen*" (impose yourself by force). The horses were refractory—beat them, beat them till they bled with sores; perhaps next time they would be more amenable.

The military equestrian method goes right through Germany. If a horse stumbles, the driver rolls his eyes, gathers up the reins, and beats until he is out of breath; nor would anyone in the street venture to protest. I have had many rows, even combats, with Germans on this score. Here is a scene, a common sight all over the Fatherland. Having unloaded the sand from his cart where a house was being built, the driver was mercilessly flogging his two horses to extricate the vehicle, all four wheels of which were thickly embedded in sand carelessly left in front of them. As I watched, another man came up with another whip, and the two men proceeded to slash at the beasts across the head and under the belly, like maniacs. When, incensed at this brutality, I pushed one of the men away, other labourers came up and threatened me with hods and pick-axes, and seeing an officer I ran across to him to beseech his intervention. He politely came, looked at the wheels, looked at the horses trembling and snorting with fear, and then said, in the staccato tones affected by his

caste, "Animals not strong enough." Immediately the shouting, the thrashing, and the frantic efforts of the horses began again, and at last the sand gave way and the cart got free. Now the point to notice is that all that the officer had to say was that the animals were not strong enough, whereas a spade in one minute would have removed the mounds of sand clogging the wheels, as anyone not a brute or a fool would have seen at once. But neither the officer nor the workmen there did so see, because it never occurred to them to consider that aspect. Their attitude was to force the cart straight through, not to give themselves trouble or worry about the feelings of the horses. And all over Germany, wherever building is being done, similar scenes occur daily, and occur deliberately. The drivers take an obviously savage pleasure in flogging their horses through and across obstacles instead of going round them; the bullied victim of the sergeant feels he has the right to bully his horse or underling on the principle of "smash your way through." The result is that the German working classes are the roughest and most brutal in Europe, despite their Socialism, which for its own ends tends to encourage the brute sense.

If we stop to think of it, the German people are only logical in their cult of brutality, which for fifteen years past now has been preached as the German spirit not only in the Army and on political platforms, but from the best University Chairs. Nor can there be any question that the German brutality has become not only a pathological symptom, but demonstrably a disease. The rape of little girls, for example, has been a chronic feature of modern Germany in the lower classes; moreover, the penalties are curiously lenient; and with this social phenomenon must be connected the alarming development in recent years of what here I will merely call "sex perversities" in all their various forms; from the excesses of Count Eulenburg and his fraternity in the Imperial Cabinet, to the Sadic lust of the tutor, Dippold, who consistently whipped a lad entrusted to his care until one day he killed him; or the Countess who foisted a supposititious heir upon her family in order to obtain a fortune—not isolated cases, these, of crime, but so common, so strangely brutal, as to constitute unmistakable scientific ground for speaking of a

pathological state of Germany as the direct product of the Imperial physical force doctrine. Scientists and writers in Germany have written about this aspect of German life in tones of earnest warning. It would be impossible in a Review like this to discuss the pathological side of this morbidity, the diagnosis and prodigious growth of which have been pointed out again and again by German medical men and sociologists. Suffice it here to say that the Gehenna of depravity, which modern Germany represents, is the offshoot of debased Bismarckian notions of the German position in the world, the notions of brute force promulgated by the Kaiser and his Imperial satellites in the "name of God and Empire."

Those who are interested, and it will form a very interesting study for the psychologist, will find ample material in the brilliant volumes called "Köpfe" (three volumes) or "Types," wherein with scathing wit and satire the journalist, Harden, denounces the evils in the body politic as signs of the national decline. The real fact is that for fifteen years the Germans have been going pathologically mad, carried away in the intoxication of success and vanity, plunging deeper and deeper into the vortices of materialism and human error. The national sentimentality, always near to brutality, has materialised, as it were. To turn Berlin into a bawdy-house of cosmopolitan dissipation was one of the avowed aims of the Kaiser. That his subjects, loosened from all fetters of moral or social restraint, under the spur of Kaiser and God, vied with one another in "making good" the Imperial behest is not the subject of wonder but rather of pity. In fifteen years all the German virtues of centuries disappeared from the land at the will of the military tyrant at Potsdam masquerading in the boots of Bismarck, misusing and demoralising his people. Many Germans have felt and noted the plague-spot in their centre; it has been the theme of many books. I am not uttering my own opinions, but voicing merely what scores of thoughtful Germans have denounced, when I say that since the days of degenerate Rome no nation has presented so cankerous a social sore as that exhibited by modern Germany spoon-fed on exultant Kaiserdom. When the time of reckoning comes we shall have to remember this fact, and give the Germans

their rightful chance. What we are fighting to-day is this disease of materialism. What we have to put down is the blackguardism of the Kaiser's "Mailed Fist."*

Of course, this Mailed Fist doctrine is not Bismarckianism, if in conception it originated from Bismarck's spirit. Bismarck ended where the Kaiser began. It is due to the vanity of the Emperor, with his silly prattle of "Full steam ahead"; nor can anything be imagined more alien to the austere spirit of Moltke than the pageant of the Kaiser's vainglorious, braggart, and brutalised Germany which is now approaching its Nemesis. Both Bismarck and Moltke were great men. But when the Kaiser dismissed the creator of the German Empire, he took all the springs of national life into his care, and he has deliberately poisoned them ever since. The Emperor's Germany will stand as an example for all time, for rulers and men, as an example of a magnificent national heritage degraded and dissipated in the pursuits of vanity and materialistic ends, fly-blown in the trail of a religious madman. In the process, every well of German national decency has been polluted. The sturdy military qualities which Moltke gave them have degenerated into arrogance and brutality. The race which Bismarck welded together has lost its conscience and dignity. Such has been the only too easy work of the Kaiser under the convenient falsehood of Kingly infallibility.

That is why an Army exhorted by their Emperor to behave like Huns in China may logically be expected to behave like Huns in Belgium. There are splendid soldiers in the German Armies, I know, men of immaculate honour, noblemen in every sense of the term. That the Germans are brave, we see, but bravery is the commonest of all the virtues. It is not sufficient. In the German Armies we are fighting a doctrine of brutality, a national

* The worship of force and Goliath stature has been for decades a Prussian peculiarity—a spirit which Carlyle caught. See his account of Fritz's Giant Guards. Wagner reflects it strongly. Modern Germans admire fat men, fat legs, fat students. The beer drinking at the universities keeps up the idea, essentially Falstaffian. The big-mouthed man is always to be met, the boaster, the bully. At German dinner-parties, the noise is terrific. It is all part of the force gospel, and the loudest man carries off the honours.

attitude.* Though I find it hard to credit the reports of German soldiers firing under cover of flags of truce and the Red Cross, I know that the Germans will not only wage war brutally but pitilessly, as their Emperor has frequently behoved them to. We, at any rate, will keep the flag clean. Let us try and remember that the Germans are a misguided nation suffering pathologically from disease —the disease caught from their Kaiser, which may be described as "intelligent brutality." †

* Herr Bethmann-Hollweg's recent pronouncement that if the Allies seek to crush Germany "every man, woman, dog, etc., will be armed," reflects the German spirit accurately. When the Allies are fighting in German territory, we may expect to hear of horrors which will stagger the world.

† When the Hereros in South-West Africa rebelled, General v. Trotha (October 2nd, 1904) issued this proclamation:—"The Hereros must now quit the soil. If they refuse, I shall force them with the gun. Every Herero, with or without a weapon, with or without cattle, found in German territory, I will have shot. I shall not look after the women and children, but will drive them back to their own people or shoot them."

The German Pastor Schowalter wrote (1907) that about 15,000 Hereros died of hunger on the desert. In addition, thousands died in the concentration camps, thousands in the war. The net result of the German action has been the utter stagnation of labour in German South-West Africa, almost the entire Herero tribe having been destroyed. Dr. Rohrbach, Imperial Commissioner for South-West Africa, reports gleefully on this savagery:—"The question is solved. The Hereros have lost their land; the whole live stock of cattle has been destroyed; but that cannot be regarded as tragic owing to the splendid fertility of the land, which is now fiscal." Here is a classic example of the German sentiment and red-tape Barbarity so characteristic of the Emperor's people. The word, "Fiscal," is enormous. Such was the official German qualification of the blotting-out of a tribe. So Belgium is "Fiscal Germany."

Tipperary

By Edward Thomas

To the tune of "It's a long, long way to Tipperary" I have just travelled through England, from Swindon to Newcastle-on-Tyne, listening to people, in railway carriages, trams, taverns, and public places, talking about the war and the effects of it. They were people, for the most part, who worked with their hands, and had as little to do with the pen as with the sword. The period was from August 29th to September 10th, when everybody in town and village, excepting, as a rule, the station-master, was discussing the transport of Russian troops down the country—"if they were not Russians, then they were Canadians or else Indians," as a man said in Birmingham. I shall write down, as nearly as possible, what I saw and heard, hoping not to offend too much those who had ready-made notions as to how an Imperial people should or would behave in time of war, of such a war, and while the uncertainty was very dark. For their sakes I regret that men should everywhere be joking when our soldiers were fighting and our poets writing hard. Though not magnicent, it is war. At Coventry a fat man stepped stately off a weighing machine. Seventeen stone, accumulated in peace. A lean man with a duck's-bill nose at once attacked him. "You're the sort of man that stays behind, while a lot of fine young fellows go to fight for their country. I suppose you stay to take care of the ladies. When the Kaiser reaches Coventry he'll see a lot like you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You will be."

Everyone had his joke. The porter who dropped something and caused another to jump, covered up his fault by exclaiming, "Here come the Germans." Precisely the same remark was made when small boys let off crackers after dark. The hostess with the false hair, being

asked if her husband had gone to the war, and how she liked the idea of his being in Paris, replied with a titter that she did not fear—"the gay girls have all left Paris." More serious, but not more satisfactory, were the thousands of young men streaming away from the football ground at Sheffield on a Saturday afternoon. Yet even at a football match recruiting can be done and the hat sent round. Some professionals were paying five per cent. of their wages to the Relief Fund, as men in a number of factories were contributing *2d.* or *3d.* a week. And a man in blue overalls said to me in Birmingham, "If a man doesn't fight, he will do better to go to a football match than to drink in a pub or stay indoors moping." On the other hand, everyone seemed to acknowledge that the war was the great thing; at the free library a hundred shuffling coughers were studying war to one that concentrated on Aston Villa.

The most cheerful man I met was reading *The British Weekly*, and continually saying rotund and benignant things. "The Irish," he would pronounce, "have responded manfully. In fact, this unfortunate business has bound people together more than anything else could have done." A young Northumbrian recruit was the most wretched. He had walked twenty-six miles to enlist. "I wish to God I was back again in the village," he said, "though it is a cock-eyed little place. Since I came here I haven't had a wash or a brush or changed my clothes. If I were you I would sit farther off. I have had a cement floor for a bed, and some of them singing till three in the morning. We have to be out at six. The food's all right, but it's worse than a dog's life. I wish I could get back, and I will too." Here a recruit of slightly longer standing, and already wearing a uniform, cut in with, "I wish I had your chance, I'd be off. We have been moved fifteen times since July." "You'll be all right in a day or two," said a decent, wooden-legged man, flicking away this fly from the jam of patriotism.

Most men fell short of the recruit in wretchedness and the reader of *The British Weekly* in benignity. Unless the Kaiser was mentioned they used, as a rule, the moderate language of sober hope or philosophic doubt. The one act of violence I witnessed was an oldish man,

with a head like a German Christ, knocking down a sot who persisted in saying, "You look like a —— German." More typical was the man I overheard at Ardwick, talking of the black and white pig he was fattening for Christmas, regardless of the fact that the Kaiser had God "magnificently supporting him."

Wherever I went I was told that employers—"the best firms"—were dismissing men, the younger unmarried men, in order to drive them to enlist. "Not exactly to drive them," said one, "but to encourage." Nobody complained. They suggested that the "Government" had put the employers up to it, or that "It don't seem hardly fair," or "It comes near conscription, and only those that don't care will give up good wages and leave their wives to charity." One old man at Sheffield remarked that it used to be, "Oh, you're too old" for a job; now it's "You're too young." It was added that the men's places were to be kept open for them; they were to receive part of their wages; if rejected by the doctor, they would be taken back. "They *have* to like it," said one man. These were not the only men who had lost their work. The jewellery-makers of Birmingham, for example, young or old, could not expect to be employed in war-time. Collieries near Newcastle that used to supply Germany were naturally idle, and many of the lads from these pits enlisted. Factories that supplied Russia were not busy either, and Russian debts looked like bad debts. Some trades were profiting by the war. Leicester was so busy making boots for the English and French armies that it had to refuse an order from the Greek army. Harness-makers had as much work as they could do at Walsall. The factories for explosives at Elswick the same. Publicans were flourishing though still ambitious; one public-house at Manchester had these "Imperial Ballads" printed on a placard:—

> What plucks your courage up each day;
> What washes all your cares away?
> What word do you most often say?
> Why, Imperial!

the reference being to a drink of that name. But these successes were extraordinary. Already it was said at Newcastle that shop-assistants were serving for longer hours at reduced pay. Men in motor-car works were on short

time. A photographer at Manchester had to resort to this advertisement:—

"Gone to the front!
A beautiful enlargement of any photo of our brave comrades may be had at a discount of 25 per cent."

Where relief was being given, a queue of women stood along a wall in the sun.

For the women the sun was too hot, but not for the corn, the clover-hay, the apples, of this great summer, nor for the recruits sleeping out. The sun gilded and regilded the gingerbread. Everybody that could, made an effort to rise to the occasion of the weather. The parks and the public gardens were thronged. The public-houses overflowed, often with but a single soldier as an excuse. Bands played in the streets—at Newcastle bagpipes—to quicken recruiting. A crowd listened to a band at Birmingham outside the theatre before going in to hear Mr. Lewis Waller recite "Kipling and Shakespeare," and the first remark to break the ensuing silence was, "It's by far the best band in Birmingham, by far." Street meetings having no connection with the war were held. Men in the Bull Ring at Birmingham one afternoon argued furiously on faith and works, quoting Scripture amid eager onlookers. At the top of Oldham Street, Manchester, two knots of men on a Sunday evening debated what would or would not happen under Socialism, while one in the centre of a looser knot shouted, "Oh, my friends, God wants all of you." The war, in fact, was the one subject that was not debated in public. A man breaking this rule was branded a Socialist. For instance, near the statue of James Watt at Birmingham a man had got into an argument about the provision for soldiers' wives. Moistening dry lips with dry tongue, he declared that the working class made fifty times the sacrifice of the upper class. He met nothing but opposition, and perhaps only persevered because he was wedged tight among his enemies and could not for ever keep his eyes downcast. At length a vigorous elderly man in a grey suit stepped in with fists clenched, said he was a working man himself, and laid it down that everyone's business was to fight, to sink class, and to avoid quarrelling. His wife, smiling behind him, told the heretic

that he ought to be ashamed. Someone chipped in, saying that as a matter of fact many wives were better off with their one-and-twopence than when the men were working. "God help them before!" ejaculated the solitary man. Then another said he was going himself, and would go if his wife was penniless. "Hear, hear!" said several; and others muttered, "These here Socialists." Of course, class feeling did exist. A workman in Birmingham hoped that not too many of the well-to-do would go to the front, because they were needed to give employment and to control it. The rich and the working class, said a Coventry man, were doing their duty, but not the middle class—he called it the "second class"—"these young fellows who are neither man nor girl, and think about their socks all day."

The war was not debated, but everyone was bound to turn into it as into a main road of conversation, bound also to turn out of it. It could not be avoided. The newspapers issued edition after edition without reason. Pavement artists were strong on admirals, generals, and ships. Portraits of General French and Admiral Jellicoe adorned the entrances to picture palaces. Someone had chalked on a pavement at Manchester: "See no sports. Fight the good fight." Young men going to work by train began talking about the Russians. One interjected that he *was* glad to receive his salary in full at the end of the month. Another looked up from his paper, saying, "Kitchener's getting his second hundred thousand." A Socialist was quoted as having said that "we might as well be exploited by Germans as by British." Gradually they drifted into stories about public men, into indecent stories about anybody, until running into a fog at Birmingham one exclaimed: "It's a bombardment. We must be careful what we do and say to-day. It's a warning." Older men going out to the Peak for Sunday, zigzagged from fishing yarns to "uncreditable" tales told by a German in the Secret Service, on to the moorland appetite that makes you eat three-quarters of a pound of ham at a meal, and back again to "I haven't had a day off except Sunday since the war began." "You durstn't." The street roar of Newcastle or Sheffield was compounded of hoofs, boots, wheels, gongs, a thousand voices interwoven and one shouting, "Fourth edition," one whispering, "If Turkey. . . ."

Conversations definitely on the subject of the war, fed on the abstract diet which the Press provided, were much of a muchness. A man began reading: "This bloke says the rapidity of the German advance on Paris fairly stupefied the French," or he reminded his friend that "this war has often been predicted in this very place." A man interrupted his game of dominoes to say: "I thought before now we were going to cut the German communications." A man stands silent for a long time among his mates, and suddenly blurts out: "What I want to know is, are these bombs (he means mines) made of iron?" A favourite opening was, "There's some great move coming." The end of a conversation about the retreat was: "The English have always been cool, calm, and collected."

All kinds of abstract legends were current, as that the Germans were cowards, that the Kaiser was mad; but not many concrete ones. There was the Russian legend. Then there was a tale earlier in the war that British wounded were arriving at Grimsby, and the town was like a shambles. One man actually in Grimsby, answering an inquiry on the telephone, said that this was so; but another was able to deny it on good evidence.

One of the legends was that England was careless and slack. In the levelling of this charge I think there was a certain fondness as well as indignation. Men liked to think that we could play bowls and win a battle in the same day. "England is too good-hearted," said a man at Swindon. He came into the bar asking for "Down where the water-lilies grow" on the gramophone, and, being disappointed, he sighed and began to speak of his "month of misery"; for he had three sons and five nephews, or, as he sometimes put it, five sons and three nephews, at the front. "The English are too good-hearted. Here, look 'ee. If any damned foreigner comes into this bar we give him a penny as soon as if he was an Englishman. Now I thinks and studies a lot. You recollect the manœuvres at Faringdon? Well, there was all nations there, Germans, Italians, Russians, French, Egyptians, and I don't know what—fifteen nations. Do you think they wasn't taking notes? Of course they were. And the Kaiser—the mad bull—didn't he come over and kiss King Edward, and wouldn't he as soon have knocked

him down?" There was a man at Birmingham who began by talking about the Russians and Ostend, two millions of them, he believed. Oh, yes, they had certainly come down through England by night. He thought the Russians would repay the Germans for their atrocities. Nor do I think he minded. Yet he drew satisfaction from the faith that the English themselves would not retaliate. No, he said, the English are "easy." A Sheffield man who was advocating the bloodiest treatment for the Kaiser said that, "If English soldiers fired at the Red Cross, Lord Kitchener would blow their brains out, he would." Men were bloody-minded, to judge by their talk. They would have had no patience with the gentle person who had his favourite horse shot to save it from the battlefield. More intelligible to them would have been the gentleman of Cromwell's time who sent orders to have the sucking foals slaughtered that the mares might become chargers.

Such men had a strong, simple idea of a perfidious, barbaric Germany. "They have been preparing for this war ever since old Queen Vic died, and before that. I'd turn all the Germans out of England, same as they would turn us out." "I wouldn't; I would shoot the lot of them." "These nationalised Germans—you don't know what they are up to. Double-faced, they're all double-faced. They're savages, killing children and old men. I'd like to get at the Kaiser. I wouldn't kill him. I'd just turn him loose. . . ." "I wouldn't. If I could get at him, I'd . . . and choke him with them." Thus spoke two workmen in Coventry. An old woman at Swindon—one of thousands—wanted to "get at the Kaiser." Everywhere men were drinking health—with a wink and "You know what I mean"—to the Kaiser or the "King of Proosher." A very sober workman of fifty in Newcastle who was working short time simply did not know what epithets to give the man, and had to relapse on "that tinker" (with much expression). Almost the only judicious reference to him that I heard was: "Either the Kaiser is mad or he has found a new explosive." People varied a little more in their attitude towards the German nation. "They have got to be swept out of Europe," said a man at Sheffield. A gentle old man was going to Harrogate with "nerves run down" and "distorted views," and he

had got it into his head that he had eaten a German sausage. The man with *The British Weekly* was consoling him: "Oh, you may depend upon it, it did not come from Germany. There's nothing coming from there now. They make a great quantity at Leeds. They don't call it German sausage either." A Tyneside Scot, after pronouncing the Kaiser mad to make war on "all nations," said: "The Germans are a rotten lot. They won't stand and fight like any other nation. They keep moving all the time." Others regarded the German army as a sort of ridiculous bully and coward, with this one grace, that it would probably shoot the Kaiser. A few praised German strategy and organisation. One youth at Manchester even ventured to think "they must be a fine race of soldiers." A man at Sheffield held up a pair of German nail-scissors, lamenting that now he could not buy anything so neat at fourpence-halfpenny. A man at Manchester was asking: "Where shall we get our gas mantles?" It was a Coventry man who went so far as to say that the German people were as good as ourselves and not so very different. "They don't want war. It's not the Kaiser either. It's the aristocracy. Still, the Kaiser must not come here like other deposed monarchs."

This man, like everyone else, was sure of victory. Some expected Paris to fall, but. . . . They only laughed at any doubter. Most held the opinion that in retiring on Paris the Allies were leading the enemy into a trap. They did not stomach the idea of English soldiers retiring and retiring, and they imagined it must be deliberate. Open boasting had gone out of fashion, unless the man is a boaster who says on a black day that an Englishman is equal to five Germans. Patriotism took subtler forms. It was reported that one of the new Territorials weighed nineteen stone. "Oh, but he will soon lose four or five stone, don't you fear. It's a healthy life, a grand life." "What I most rejoice at," said a man at Swindon, "is that we did not want the war." Scores said something like it. It was "the greatest war of all time," said all sorts of people. In Sheffield a solitary pessimist was content to think it the ruin of Europe, a great sudden movement in "evolution." The dirtiest man in Sheffield, with the most rasping voice, talking among his mates on a Saturday afternoon about

rights of way, dukes, corporations, trespassing, and poaching, jerked out the remark: "The capitalist is forking out now to save his own property." A printer in the same town said: "We are not soldiers or politicians; we are workmen. We have our trades, it is not for us to fight. That is another trade: let the soldiers fight. That is what I used to say; but it won't do now. All I can say is that I don't feel like fighting, myself. There is a great deal of loyalty everywhere, and I hope we shall win."

Peace was not much talked about. A man at Swindon was figuring a reconstruction of Europe after the war. "Why," he asked, "why shouldn't all the countries be bound together like the United States? There are a lot of nationalities over there, and they agree very well, I fancy." Probably many were using the same phrases as the Birmingham chess-player: "The pity of it, when you think of all the education in England and Germany. *We* don't go out into the street and fight if we have a difference. It sets a bad example to the nation." "It's man's nature to fight." "It isn't mine." "Your move."

Only one eloquent militarist did I hear, a Manchester Irishman. He, too, declared it man's nature to fight. From Cain and Abel, having demolished and labelled as un-Christian the suggestion that we were descended from monkeys, he branched out to the animals. "It's the same everywhere," he said. "They must hit out. Until they have hit out, they don't know themselves. To hit out is a man's very life and nature, the best he can do, his greatest pleasure, what he was made for. Most of us have to obey the law, if we can. But the soldier is a hired law-breaker and murderer, and we must let him enjoy himself sometimes. Don't you go pitying the poor soldier. Poor soldier! This is the time he has been waiting for. He is in a passion, and nothing hurts him. Sudden death is a glorious thing."

This was not a soldier. He was a workman, a looker-on, one of the thousand loitering workers and unemployed, who stare at the hundred recruits between the statues of Watt and Edward the Seventh at Birmingham, and in squares or by-streets all over the country. The soldier has another style. A crippled pensioner at Birmingham said simply that if he was fit they would not have to call

him twice; then he gossiped of the Burmah war, of catching and killing your own mutton before eating it, of an immortally tough bullock, of having a foot cut off by a Dacoit, of how far better off to-day's soldier is with his bacon and jam and tea for breakfast. A soldier's father at Swindon just said his son was glad to go, but wished it had been with Buller. These were men who would not be hurt till they were struck, and I do not know how much then. The Irishman was not one to squander himself on a battlefield; his duty to his country was to preserve his tongue without having to hold it. But he was a patriot.

Probably there are two kinds of patriot: one that can talk or write, and one that cannot; though I suspect that even the talkers and writers often come down in the end to "I do not understand. I love." It must happen more than once or twice that a man who can say why he ought to fight for his country fails to enlist. The very phrase, "to fight for one's country," is a shade too poetical and conscious for any but non-combatants. A man enlists for some inexplicable reason which he may translate into simple, conventional terms. If he has thought a good deal about it, he has made a jump at some point, beyond the reach of his thought. The articulate and the inarticulate are united in the ranks at this moment by the power to make that jump and come to the extreme decision. I heard a mother trying to persuade—pretending she was trying to persuade—a young man against enlisting. She said: "I would not risk my life for anybody. It isn't yours, for one thing. Think of Mary. I would sooner go to America. . . ." She found a hundred things to say, few of them quite genuine, since it was her desire to overpower him, not to express herself. In argument he was overpowered. His reasons he could not give. Nevertheless, if he passed the doctor he was going; if the doctor rejected him, he rather hoped some girl would taunt him—she would have to produce a champion to justify her. Had the eleven or twelve thousand recruits from Birmingham written down their reasons, I daresay they would not have been worth much more than the pen, ink, and paper. That is, assuming they included no poets, and I do not see that they were more likely to prove poets than the men, women, and children who made haste to send in their verses to the

papers. Out of the crowd at Newcastle the dissatisfied one spoke best. If any at Coventry or elsewhere were kept waiting so long outside the recruiting office that they changed their minds and went away, they might speak better still. Some men of spirit may have kept back to spite their interfering persuaders. Why, the lowest slut in the town, fetching her beer at eleven-thirty, would look after a procession of recruits and say: "So they ought to. Lord! look what a lot of fellows hang about the corners. They ought to fight for their country."

There was really no monotony of type among these recruits, though the great majority wore dark clothes and caps, had pale faces tending to leanness, and stood somewhere about five foot seven. It was only the beginning, some thought, of a wide awakening to a sense of the danger and the responsibility. Clean and dirty—some of them, that is, straight from the factory—of all ages and features, they were pouring in. Some might be loafers, far more were workers. I heard that of one batch of two hundred and fifty at Newcastle, not one was leaving less than two pounds a week. Here and there a tanned farm labourer with lighter-coloured, often brownish, clothes, chequered the pale-faced dark company. The streets never lacked a body of them or a tail disappearing. Their tents, their squads drilling this way and that, occupied the great bare Town Moor above Newcastle. The town was like a vast fair where men were changing hands instead of cattle. The ordinary racket of tramcar and crowd was drowned by brass instruments, bagpipes, drums and tin boxes beaten by small boys, men in fifties and in hundreds rounding a corner to the tune of "It's a long, long way to Tipperary." Thousands stood to watch them. With crowds on the kerbstones, with other crowds going up and down and across, with men squatting forward on the pavement, it was best to have no object but to go in and out. The recruits were the constant, not the only attraction. The newest ones marching assumed as military a stiff uprightness as possible. The older ones in uniform were slacker. Some stood at corners talking to girls; others went in and out of pubs attended by civilians; more and more slouched, or staggered, or were heavy-eyed with alcohol. Everyone was talking, but the only words intelligible were "Four o'clock winners" and "It's a long,

long way to Tipperary." At nightfall the boys who beat the drums and tins began to carry around an effigy and to sing "The Kaiser, the Kaiser," or

> And when we go to war
> We'll put him in a jar,
> And he'll never see his daddy any more.

Companies of recruits were still appearing. Perhaps their faces were drawn and shining with drink, fatigue, and excitement, but they remained cheerful even when a young officer with a dry, lean face and no expression said "Good-night" without expression and rode off. His was the one expressionless, dead calm face in the city, the one that seemed to have business of its own, until I crossed the river and saw the women on the doorsteps of the steep slum, the children on pavement and in gutter. They were not excited by the fever in Clayton Street and Market Street, any more than by St. Mary's bells banging away high above slum and river, or by the preacher at the top of Church Street bellowing about "the blessed blood of Jesus Christ." In an almost empty tavern a quiet old man was treating a lad in a new uniform and giving him advice: "Eat as much as you can, and have a contented mind." It was a fine warm evening. But what could the great crowd do to spend its excitement? As a crowd, nothing. In a short time it was doubled. For at nine o'clock the public-houses had to be emptied and shut. The burly bell of St. Nicholas tolled nine over thousands with nothing to do. Those who had not taken time by the forelock and drunk as much as they would normally have done by eleven, stood about aimlessly. A man took his stand in Bigg Market and sang for money. It was not what people wanted. Several youths got together at a short distance and tried to bawl down the singer. Even that was not what people wanted. Even the temperance man was only half pleased when he reflected that what he had long agitated for in vain had been done by one stroke of the military pen. There was nothing to be done but to go to bed and wait for the morning papers.

Christianity

By E. S. P. Haynes

MEN of all creeds and opinions have no doubt been deeply moved by the dying words of Pius X.: "In ancient times the Pope, with a word, might have stayed the slaughter. Now I am impotent and forced to see the spectacle of my own children . . . leaving for the war and abandoning their cassocks and cowls for military uniform." The Pontiff cannot have forgotten that the present war was initiated by one of the most Catholic potentates in Europe, nor are non-Catholic Christians outside Germany likely to be edified by the pious utterances of the Kaiser. Nineteen hundred years of Christianity have left the modern world at the mercy of dynastic and national ambitions which are now devastating one continent, and may easily devastate several. For all practical purposes modern nations are like the great Saxon chiefs in early English history, who set up courts of law, but only respected judicial decisions in proportion to the number of retainers that each could bring to the judgment seat.

On the other hand, the peacemaking forces of the modern world are not religious; they are humanitarian, financial, commercial, and intellectual. Of the Powers fighting for the cause of peace to-day Russia is the only Power that can be said to emulate Austria in religious fervour. In the late 'nineties Mr. Kipling popularised the idea that we were the chosen people, or at least had the advantage of a most-favoured-nation clause. But that feeling has not emerged in the England of to-day. Even believers are not now "on such easy terms with Heaven" as the Germans, to quote Mr. Watson's fine sonnet in *The Times*. The feelings of believers are everywhere respected; for example, chaplains have been reappointed in the French Army, though France is always held up as the principal representative of infidelity. But we are not

likely to hear that the French Army derives its real inspiration from Catholic emotion.

As a matter of fact, Pius X. rather exaggerated the power of his predecessors. It may well be doubted if mediæval Europe ever achieved so staple an equilibrium as was established by the Amphiktyonic Council in the Hellenic world, or later by the Roman Empire.

The papal diplomacy may be said to begin with Gregory the Great, who mediated between the Lombards, Italians, and Greeks. He virtually inaugurated the work of arbitration, which became so distinctive a function of the papacy, and the Church collectively did much to preserve peace and mitigate war, especially in the tenth and eleventh centuries. Knights had to swear not to molest defenceless peasants, women, or ecclesiastics under pain of excommunication. An association and a militia of peace directed by the Bishop was set up in each diocese. Two councils of the eleventh century relegated days of warfare to one hundred and twenty days a year, and in 1139 the Lateran Council anathematised the cross-bow "*Artem illam mortiferam et Deo odibilem.*" The power of the Church to enforce its decisions lay merely in her moral influence over the secular power in each country, which from 800 to 1300 was very great. During that period Europe was always an implicit, and often an explicit, theocracy. Strong potentates, like Philip Augustus of France, the Emperor Frederick II., and King John of England, had to acquiesce in the papal pretensions. Moreover papal favour had its uses. The Pope could dispense friendly monarchs from the obligation of an oath—especially if it had been sworn to a heretic.

But the gradual secularisation of politics which led to the temporal aggrandisement and moral degradation of the papacy is discernible even in the thirteenth century. The crusades developed commercial and diplomatic relations with States outside Christendom; and in spite of Innocent III.'s scruples as to keeping faith with heretics, St. Lewis and other European monarchs were loyal in the observance of treaties. In two important instances the papacy seemed rather a negligible quantity. In 1263 Henry III. and Simon de Montfort invoked the arbitration of St. Lewis rather than that of the Pope, which resulted in the Mise

of Amiens, though Simon's subsequent career suggests that he only wished to gain time. In 1286 Edward I. mediated between Philip the Fair, Alfonso, and Jayme of Sicily. Eventually the matter was settled by a conference at Tarascon, at which France, England, Naples, Aragon, the Papacy, and Charles of Valois were represented. Even then the Sicilians did not abide by the decision. The utter failure of the papal attempt to mediate between Edward I. and Philip is only another example of how strong a factor nationality was becoming in European politics. The papacy had also lost any monopoly in diplomatic traditions; for at the Court of Philip the Fair there grew up a regular class of diplomats.

It was Comte who maintained that in 1300, the year of Boniface VIII.'s magnificent jubilee, Europe ceased to be mediæval. The theocratic idea was palpably declining; the empire had lost its old splendour with the extinction of the Hohenstaufen twenty-four years before, and the papacy was in Avignon at the mercy of French wirepullers. European institutions were in the melting-pot, and there was nothing but a scum on the surface. The boyhood of the Middle Ages had ended and the manhood of modern Europe had not begun. The papacy revived indeed in the next century, but only to become an Italian despotism mainly supported by Condottieri. It was for the most part regarded in Europe as an invaluable source of discord in Italian politics, and as a useful stage property for issuing antiquated fulminations against an opponent. The empire also seemed likely to prove itself worthy of its epitaph-writers—Dante and Marsilio of Padua; but, just at the very moment of its apparent resurrection in 1521, it began to be a house divided against itself. Two great conferences in the fifteenth century indicated the tendencies of the times. The Council of Constance in 1414 was virtually an assembly of European potentates regulating the affairs of Christendom with more reference to political than to religious interests. The Congress of Mantua, summoned by Pius II. in 1459 to unite the Powers in a crusade against the Turks, amply showed that for all practical purposes there could be no reliance on the religious solidarity of Europe. The success of the Council was due to the possibility of putting old wine into new bottles; the failure of

the Congress was due to the impossibility of putting new wine into old bottles.

This tendency became more and more pronounced in the sixteenth century, when the Reformation strongly reinforced the whole movement towards nationality.

The sixteenth century indeed witnessed an entire obliteration not only of the old sanctions of mediæval Europe, the most shameless instance of which is probably Francis the First's uncompromising repudiation of the treaty of Madrid, but also the destruction of the religious lines of cleavage in a period of so-called religious warfare. The French alliance with the Turk, the papal understanding with the Protestant Brandenburg during Charles V.'s campaigns against the German Lutherans, and the papal negotiations with Solyman I., show plainly enough that religious considerations were entirely subordinated to political aims. A purely dynastic diplomacy comes to birth and meets with eminent success. Thus Cardinal Wolsey was able to usurp the papal prerogative of mediation, and by judicious trimming between France and the Empire, to raise England to a position of great importance on the Continent. Elizabeth averted an inevitable war for thirty years by a seemingly impracticable alliance with France, and a disavowed support to the Netherlands. Such diplomacy anticipates that of Cavour and Bismarck.

The upheaval of Europe was, however, mainly due to the Reformation. The political *cadres* of the old system could not comprehend rebels against Catholicism, the basis of the mediæval polity. The religious revolt forced the Pope and the Emperor into the position of partisans. Men asked, like the French Chancellor L'Hôpital, who was to decide between Catholic and Protestant, when each disavowed what were for the other the fundamental sanctions of public and private morality. Luther's reluctant confession of the way in which private morality had suffered in Germany after the downfall of Catholicism, and the non-moral relation of States which conditioned the speculation of Machiavelli, forced European thinkers to undertake the codification of some secular principles for regulating the transaction of international business.

This demand was supplied by the publication of the famous treatise, *De Jure Belli ac Pacis* of Grotius in 1624.

The great qualities of the book were both historical and legal. It is a marvellous compendium of every sentence bearing on international usage that could be found in classical or mediæval writers. Though Grotius, like old Protestant publicists, appealed primarily to the Old Testament and Roman law, he by no means neglected the declamations of writers like St. Augustine, or his Spanish and Italian precursors who wrote in the last half of the sixteenth century. Perhaps the most important of these was the exiled Italian Protestant Alberico Gentili, who studied in Oxford from 1580 to 1600.. Gentili and Grotius did more than moralise on the evils of war after the manner of Thomas Aquinas, Bonet, and Christine de Pisan. By invoking the sanctity of the Law of Nature (or, as it has been happily paraphrased, the highest commonsense of mankind), they became the fathers of international jurisprudence as it now exists.

Grotius not only had to cope with the religious revolution, but also with the territorial sovereignty of monarchs which had not hitherto been explicitly avowed. He at once appealed to the Law of Nature as "id jus ita omnibus hominibus commune . . . ut Religionis discrimen non admittat," and dealt with the national kings as a "group of Roman proprietors." Since the Law of Nature was binding on States *inter se*, and was determinable, there was no need for imperial or papal suzerainty. Like Ayala, he considered the Law of Nature to be for all practical purposes identical with the Law of Nations. The distinction he draws is only important when he applies it to the mitigation of war. The Law of Nature is eternal and unalterable by God himself, whereas the Law of Nations is merely the product of the universal assent of mankind and is based on utility. Thus, though the Law of Nature demands that all States should be on a footing of equality with each other, it does not prohibit the non-declaration of war or the use of such means as the poisoning of springs and of weapons, or the employment of hired assassins. But the respect for the *communis utilitas*, on which the Law of Nature rests, not only mitigates war by the prescription of certain rules, but is also the only guarantee for rights of embassy. These ideas were revived in a modified form by Pufendorf in 1672, by Leibnitz in 1693, by Wolf in 1749, and by Vattel

in 1758. Pufendorf advocated recourse to mediation or arbitration, though the Law of Nature had nothing to say about these milder methods; Leibnitz applied his principles to the Constitution of the Empire; and Wolf argued that the social principle as revealed in the Law of Nature was as binding between nations as between individuals.

Vattel's treatise, however, is singularly modern, despite his starting with the most rigid maxims on the relations of individuals in the State of Nature. Thus he dealt with such questions as the occupation of rivers, and he maintained in an age which Lord Malmesbury justly described as "treaty breaking," that the treaty-breaker should be regarded by the Powers as a public enemy. He tabulated methods of international settlement under the heads of concession, compromise, mediation, arbitration, and appeal to a European conference. He pleaded for the mitigation of war on the ground that a belligerent aims at putting the enemy *hors de combat* by disabling but not by killing him. The Law of Nature "does not permit of infinitely extending the evils of war." It is worth observing that as late as 1793 France was appealing to the Law of Nature in connection with the navigation of the Scheldt. Such is the debt of Europe to Grotius.

Even the Catholic Vico learned the principle of nationality from Grotius; but he censures Grotius for basing law on human sociality guided by reason, whereas law has no other source than God himself. But Catholic Europe then, as now, theoretically accepted papal arbitration. The idea of a theocratic arbiter was systematised anew by the Italian writers Belli and Ferretti and by the Spanish Jesuits, John of Carthagena and Suarez. Suarez, especially in his treatise *de Legibus* (published in 1621), most skilfully reconciled contemporary ideas on the law of nature with the doctrines of the church, and does not repudiate human solidarity. So little, in fact, did the papacy seem to be affected, that Henri IV. actually proposed to make the Pope President of a Confederation of Catholic States; and the Pope was represented at nearly all the great congresses of the next two centuries. In 1884 the Pope arbitrated between Germany and Spain in regard to the Caroline Islands, and vainly offered his services to the United States and Spain in 1898. But the "moral sup-

port" given by the papacy to the Peace Conference of 1899 must be taken rather as an expression of goodwill from Catholic Europe than as an indication that there is any prospect of thus settling disputes between Catholic and non-Catholic States.

One may boldly say that the main stream of effort towards peace was purely secular after 1500.

The Congresses of Munster and Osnabruck in 1643 and of Westphalia in 1648 represented the common endeavours to formulate a non-religious compromise which should satisfy not only the Emperor and the Empire, Catholics and Protestants, but also the claims of European Powers as such. This period closes with the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1747, and if the Congresses did not achieve international peace, they at least permanently regulated international usages.

The Holy Alliance was, of course, more ambitious, and between 1815 and 1823 succeeded in establishing a kind of European police force in the interest of contemporary dynasties. But all its work was undone by the purely national diplomacy of men like Cavour and Bismarck between 1830 and 1870. Its chief legacy to Europe was the idea of a European Concert, and some such idea was obviously in Sir Edward Grey's mind when he made his last effort in the cause of peace before the outbreak of the present war. Whether such a project will be within the range of practical politics should Austria and Germany be defeated is doubtful, but shrewd observers see the tottering of dynasties, and new democratic forces may conceivably insist on every *casus belli* being submitted in the first instance to the Hague Court, and also on a proportionate reduction of armaments all round.

The important point is that the civilised world is building up a system of international morality without any direct inspiration from religious ideas. When once the religious foundations of mediæval Europe had given way, and a system of secular nationalities had grown up, the old code of Christian sanctions utterly collapsed. For four centuries Europe has been laboriously building up a system of international morality which has never found a clearer expression than it did in August, 1914. Europe tolerated Frederick the Great, but she did not tolerate Napoleon I.

She is still less likely to tolerate a psalm-singing edition of Frederick the Great. War is for us as much a folly as a crime, and my old French exercise-book contains the excellent axiom that we repent more of our follies than of our crimes. In any case, our appeal to-day is not to a capricious God of Battles, but to all those harmonies of common sense and humanity which have evolved from strength to strength ever since the dawn of civilisation. The day of the tribal deity and the belligerent dynast is done.

The agnostic feeling of the modern world has never been more significantly obvious than in connection with the present war. Austrians and Russians are sincerely pious in their way, but their respective Emperors displayed an utter disregard of divine injunctions which are at the root of all Christian teaching. The Kaiser's ejaculatory telegrams about his God are strangely out of tune with the Nietzschean doctrines of his people. There seems little religious sentiment about the war either in France or Belgium. The sudden crop of verse in *The Times* and other papers is markedly reticent as regards supernatural intervention. The word "God" is used almost as a rhetorical expression or in the same vague manner as in the phrase "God bless you." *The Times* informs us that "the true God does not now reveal Himself in fire from heaven to the confusion of the priests of Baal." But why not? The Archbishop of Canterbury has been forced to mobilise a personal Devil in order to explain the ghastly carnage and devastation that two devout Emperors have brought upon Europe, with scarcely a protest from the vast ecclesiastical organisation which in some countries costs almost as much as modern armaments. It seems a sad waste of money to pay both for the Church and for armies and navies if the Church can do nothing to prevent war because of the Devil. Moreover, quite a large number of clergymen do not believe in the Devil, though in days when they did they were quite expert in the art of dealing with him by exorcism and other methods.

War has at least the advantage of evoking a sharp sense of reality, and when we see how little the churches have ever accomplished in the cause of peace as compared with "the highest common sense of mankind," we can better

understand their utter impotence in the face of such an appalling catastrophe as the present war. We are forced to work out our own salvation

"*Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis.*"

The Churches are more impotent than ever they were while a sanctimonious Emperor is reviving all the barbarities of the Thirty Years' War.

Talking

By Rowland Kenney

We ordinary rank-and-file Labourists and Socialists are in an unenviable condition to-day. We are going about disconsolately asking each other, "Where is the movement now?" It is quite natural that we should be asking this question. We are Socialists because of our habit of asking questions, and we are in our present unhappy condition because we have never had our questions satisfactorily answered. There was a time when they might have been answered quite easily. There was a time, not so very long ago, when our leaders might have answered us in a very few words by saying, "We are in the pockets of the Liberal Government"; but our leaders did not see the wisdom of confessing that truth at that time. Then there was a fear of defeat at the polls, and, as everyone knows, our leader of Labour fears nothing so much as a temporary chastisement at an election. But now there are two possibilities, and they do not quite know which to fear most, so some of them run one way and some another. Some of them fear the war party, and become hasty converts to the Government war policy and take up recruiting; others fear for their movement: they want to keep its shattered remnants looking as impressive as possible, so they denounce the war.

Here we have, for instance, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald discovering a conscience so susceptible that it prompts him to resign from the leadership of the Labour Party, and write reams of matter to his party organ protesting against the war. "It is a diplomatists' war," he says, "made by about half a dozen men. . . . Sir Edward Grey has guided our foreign policy during the past eight years. His shortsightedness and his blunders have brought all this upon us." Perhaps, but why haven't we been warned about it all before? If the evil machinations of Sir Edward Grey

could land us into the Hell of a mess in which we now find ourselves, over this brink of a precipice down which Europe stumbled "because it could not help itself," why has Mr. Macdonald always led his flock into the Grey lobby? "Ruin stares many of us in the face," he says; "Want is in our midst, and Death walks with want." And we are now told that all this is due to the foreign policy of a Government which Mr. Macdonald has so persistently backed, and to which he practically handed over the little political force entrusted to him in 1906.

As a plain matter of fact, Mr. Macdonald must accept just as much share of responsibility for this war as must Sir Edward Grey. He and his colleagues have acted as runners-up for the Liberal Press in a persistent anti-armament policy, which, whilst perhaps righteous in intention, has ignored or refused to face facts, and which has been mischievous in effect. For Liberals and Labourists have hunted in the same pack. The majority of Liberal newspapers to-day are greedily eating their words of two or three years ago. How long is it since they were denouncing a certain Socialist militarist for his "Tory" scaremongering? And how many of them are now envying that same Socialist his present position? Nay, more than that: how many of them are now busy trying to deck out his reasoned phrases into sensational articles? I am very sorry for the Liberal newspaper men to-day—just as I am a little sorry for myself and for all we other workers for Labour who left our leaders alone on this question. . . . We have been cursed with leaders who would not lead. The Labour and Socialist movement has never received any direction from its official leaders so far as foreign politics are concerned. Labour has been fooled into believing that the era of big European wars was past, and that its leaders had discovered some solvent for the racial passions of men. In his foreword to a pamphlet against Conscription Mr. Keir Hardie wrote a year or so ago: "Instead of theorisings and idealisings here are given facts and arguments. All forms of militarism belong to the past. It comes down to us as a relic of the days when kings and nobles ruled as well as reigned, and when the workers were voteless, voiceless serfs. . . . International social democracy says that the interests of workers of all countries are identi-

cal, and demands co-operation and not war, fraternity, not military rivalry."

International social democracy says—well, it says that we have reached the millennium, and that all men who talk of the possibility of war are fools or knaves. And such an inference might be drawn from nearly all the writings and speeches of labour men on this question. War is inimical to the workers. The democracy of one country has no grievance against the democracy of any other country. Why should German workmen take up arms against British workmen? We have met and talked with German Labour leaders, and they were jolly good fellows. War? Bosh! We had so much of this that it was difficult to refrain from sinking into a feeling of security, a feeling that war is such a senseless way of arguing that no one would ever be silly enough to adopt it. And then came the appointed time for Germany to move a step, and we were rudely awakened. All this talk of the Socialist International, this threat of an international general strike, this working class fraternity which shatters frontiers and drowns all racial antagonisms turned out to be just talk. To quote Mr. Keir Hardie again: "The only class which can prevent the Government going to war is the working class." And the same week he wrote: "The working class movement, trade union, and Socialist alike, is contemptuously passed over. . . . Our demonstrations and speeches and resolutions are all alike futile. We have no means of hitting the warmongers. We simply do not count." Is it not naïve? We do not count, in spite of our resolutions and speeches. In other words, our talk is impotent before the realities of national ambitions and the determination of men who have done something more than talk. The only class that could prevent war was the working class, and the working class did not count. Strange, but it is not quite so foolish as it reads. The working classes of Germany are with the War Lords to a man. The millions of discontented Russians have dropped their demonstrations, have ceased to pass resolutions and talk about international fraternity, and have shouldered their rifles and gone to war against their working-class brothers of Austria-Hungary and Prussia. The French Socialists are now strenuously striving to drive back the Germans beyond the

Rhine. The Belgians also have forgotten that their Maison du Peuple exists, and are calling for the extermination of the German hordes. English working men are rushing to the colours. The half million men called for by Kitchener were forthcoming at once. There are another three millions ready to go as soon as decent terms are offered. The democracies of the nations are prepared to attack or defend as Fate and their rulers will, and the leaders of democracy are "contemptuously passed over."

How could anything else be expected? "Instead of theorisings and idealisings here are given facts and arguments." Some facts and some arguments would have been better, and "besides" should take the place of "instead." The Labour movement has seldom been given anything by its leaders but theories and ideals. It has suffered from too much theorising. It has shivered too long on the path of windy Liberalism. It has listened to too much talk. Its leaders are past-masters at the art of twisting and repeating platitudes. Talk, talk, talk! and records of increased subscriptions. And all the time there has been steady preparation for Armageddon and the present death-grapple of nations. In face of the gabble of Liberal, Labour, and Socialist politicians there has been the stern reality of war preparations, steady, confident, direct, and with a clear eye for the ultimate objective. Mr. Macdonald says: "I have been reminded of one of those sombre judgments which the prophet who lived in evil times uttered against Israel. 'A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land. The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?'" One might add, What will Mr. Macdonald do in the end thereof? He has done his share of prophesying. But some of us are reminded of other things. A few years ago Mr. Robert Blatchford set out to tell us why he considered it necessary to prepare for Armageddon. He gave us reasons and figures and facts. From his insular position as editor of the free-lance Socialist newspaper, the *Clarion*, he could afford to ignore claims of political policy—of "political sagacity," as one would-be Labour M.P. so aptly phrased it—and tell us what he conceived to be the truth. He told us of the German policy of aggression. He warned us that, in spite of our predilec-

tions for peace demonstrations and our desire to hammer the capitalist at home, there was a greater capitalist, a more militant capitalist, across the North Sea who was preparing to hammer us. It sounded very serious, but Liberal newspapers were satisfied that it was a mere piece of scare-mongering, an attempt to stampede the electors of Little Pedlington out of the Liberal fold and into the claws of the Tory election tiger. Liberal Cabinet Ministers were frankly abusive. Liberal publicists made great sport with it all. So we turned to our official political Labour leaders and asked what the thing might mean. The answers we got were varied. A certain Labour speaker told us that he could not argue with Blatchford as the latter had angered him. Most of the leaders kept to the comparatively safe track of armament rings. Then, just to put the bogey to sleep finally, it was decided to send a party of representatives of British Labour on an official fraternity-mongering expedition to the principal cities of Germany. And a jolly good time they had of it, too. They saw many things. They were hospitably treated and convinced of the good nature of German Socialists—which good nature had never been impugned. (One of them, however, in a moment of forgetfulness, confessed to me, without apparently realising its import, that the most impressive thing he had seen during his absence from England was the number and size of the German battleships then clustered off the mouth of the Elbe.) So we were quite all right. Blatchford was forgotten. And who was Blatchford, anyway? An ex-soldier! What could an ex-soldier teach us of military matters? No, thank you. When we want military knowledge we go to a Socialist speaker. When we want information on any subject under the sun we go to a Socialist tub-thumper. "He knows about it all, he knows, he knows."

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I think that states the case, roughly, against our Labour leaders, from the point of view of the ordinary Socialist. (And the same indictment holds against the Liberal leaders.) They have done their best to put the people to sleep. Their business was to investigate calmly and fully the claims that war was probable, and then state their position. But their one difficulty was that they had no logical position, either public or private. Even now they

bleat, many of them, that they are "against the war," which is about equal to saying that they are "against" a cyclone. Mere words did so much for them that they imagined that words would do everything. Before the steady pressure of realities they are, naturally, "contemptuously passed over." And now, if you please, this for or against is to be used as a test of a man's faith and belief in the cause of the workers. "For months to come," writes Mr. W. C. Anderson, chairman of the Labour Party, "only one question will unite or divide: 'Where do you stand on the war?' If a man be right on this he is our comrade, whatever our differences on other matters; if wrong on this, whatever else he is, he is wrong on all. The matter is fundamental. Compromise is out of the question. We shall break this evil thing, or be broken ourselves." The spectacle of Mr. Anderson in the white sheet of "No compromise" is too funny for words. These leaders of democracy have, wittingly or unwittingly, fooled the workers. They should have told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and they have not done so. They have turned away from unpleasant facts and lulled themselves and their followers to sleep with irrelevant rhetoric, and now that their impossible has happened, now that facts have borne down their defences of wordy theory and "political sagacity," they are spluttering foolishness in many directions. They have passed some thousands of resolutions in their time; the best resolution they can pass now is the resolution to hold their tongues and their pens until peace again reigns. Then, if they are wise, they will not be so ready with grandiloquent phrases and empty demonstrations, but will take stock of their actual effects and forget political policies and party tricks. A united international social democracy must be built up on something more substantial than points of debate. Everybody knows we have the numbers, and everybody but our leaders knows that we have nothing else. Power rules the world, and mere numbers is not power The way to avoid war is not to denounce it as a thing too evil to happen. The way to keep the allegiance of one's followers is to be—at any rate, to some extent—frank and honest with them. And now—here's success to British arms.

Ideals

By Lisle March Phillipps

EMPIRES are of two kinds: those which are based on force, and those which are based on co-operation. The former are unwilling organisations, which are instituted and maintained by armed strength and which dissolve of their own accord so soon as that strength is withdrawn. The latter are willing organisations, which are not held together by any artificial necessity, but by the bond of a common idea in which all participate. Of the former kind, which is the barbaric or brute kind, were the Empires of Genghis Khan, of Timur, or of Attila; and in our own time we are witnessing the fate of another example in the decay of the Turkish Empire. In these cases the casting off of the Imperial yoke, or dissolution of the Empire, is the necessary means whereby its parts attain a vitality of their own. On the other hand, the most famous example of the latter or co-operative kind is the Roman Empire, which, though partly founded on force, was extended and perpetuated by means of the principle of law and order which it embodied. It was the universally felt value of this principle, authoritatively proclaimed to a chaotic world, which drew together and kept together the several portions of the Empire, rather than any constant exertion of military strength. Rome's Empire was, on the whole, a willing Empire, a co-operative Empire, and it was so because the ideal it stood for, the ideal of law and order, is of absolute value and universal application. That ideal, in short, was accepted by humanity because it pointed out the path of humanity's rise and progress. Men are held by what is of use towards their own development. I say that by this test all Empires may be judged. Either they have an idea of value to

propound, in which case people spontaneously unite in the realisation of that idea; or they rely on physical might for their ascendancy, in which case they are endured as scourges and rejected at the first opportunity. It is interesting to apply the test to the present European conflict.

It seems to me quite obvious that the love of liberty and the wish to evolve some system of government in which liberty should be realised have been the dominant motives in English history ever since England began to be a nation. The time will perhaps come when this motive will be accepted as the clue to our past, when the reigns of kings and the rise and fall of ministries, and wars, and plots, and party politics, and all other outward events and circumstances, will be threaded, as it were, on the inward, hidden, ever-developing national endeavour to achieve an expression of the ideal of liberty. In every age, at every crisis of our history, this is the explanation of the action which takes place. In what, from the inception of our nationhood down to the Renaissance, does the purpose of national life consist? It does not consist in feudalism, for this, though conspicuous and picturesque, will drop out of the national life without affecting it; nor does it consist in monasticism, for this too, though so prevalent and profound an influence, will die and its place be forgotten. Neither does it consist in the authority of kings, nor in the might of armaments, nor in the permanence of any system of law or custom or tradition such as sometimes prescribe a social routine enduring for centuries; for all these factors have been in our country inoperative or variable. No, the enduring motive which links the past to the present is to be sought in the struggle of our people for freedom. It is to be identified with the history of mediæval towns and cities, assemblages of tenements, which in their union were but an incarnation of the close-knit associations and guilds into which the commons were gathering for self-protection. These communities it was, as Green so well shows, which, in their dauntless struggle for freedom, were vindicating and developing the principle which lies at the root of our national existence. It is easy to trace its onward course, for even where it is not visibly in action its hidden presence determines the character of events. Again and again, thwarted by the superior sagacity of constituted

authorities, it emerges with renewed strength and energy. It suffers something from the tyranny of kings, and in the long-drawn-out Stuart drama it settles the question of kingship. It suffers something from the tyranny of the nobles, and from that contest also it has emerged victorious. There has been little of a reasoning character in this British love of freedom. We have had our philosophers, like the rest of the world, who have offered us various subtle and conflicting definitions of freedom or proved that in reality no such thing exists. But what is much more important than subtle reasoning in a matter of this kind is national character. Freedom might be difficult to define, but the English people did not want to define it; they wanted to possess it. They proceeded by practical degrees, taking the obvious steps as necessity arose, and leaving theoretical objections to be dealt with as and when their effect was felt upon life. The problem was to be solved by practice. Its solution was not to be propounded by philosophical analysis, but was to be built up in the institutions and processes of a nation's life. This attempt, I say, to realise freedom, to construct a national life with freedom for its cement, is the motive that runs all through English history, unifying and connecting its parts into a common relationship. It is the English quality in it. Moreover, it is the only real quality. All other attributes, however splendid and powerful and conspicuous, have passed or may pass away or be modified out of recognition. Their going does not affect the national life. They are excrescences only. So long as the love of freedom and its realisation remain the national ideals, the national existence and identity remain unimpaired.

This much, I think, is obvious, but there remains to be noted an important development of this ideal. In quite recent years it has come to pass that we have been able to formulate as an absolute principle what formerly was a mere national endeavour. For centuries Englishmen have declared that Englishmen should govern themselves; but within living memory Englishmen have learned to say that man should govern himself. The transition is of infinite importance, because it marks the sudden development of a national into an imperial idea. "Englishmen shall govern themselves" is, of course, a quite local affair. It matters

to Englishmen, but it is of no conceivable importance to anyone else in the world. But "man shall govern himself" is a proposition at which the whole of humanity pricks its ears. It concerns all, and in so far as it can be put in practice it opens a future in which all are interested.

Here, then, you have a principle which is genuinely imperial in that it offers something of value in which all can participate. I will not undertake to name the year in in which it was formulated, or definitely acted upon rather, for I do not know that it has ever been actually formulated, but the American colonies are a proof of its recent origin. Sworn champions of English self-government as we long had been, we had not learnt by 1770 to say man shall govern himself. The idea, however, that America was for England to govern offered nothing of value to America, and America repudiated it. Perhaps that colossal first failure in colonising opened our eyes, or perhaps the burning words of Pitt, the greatest prophet of liberty on the imperial scale that we have produced, showed us the inadequacy of our interpretation of our own gospel. It was, at any rate, our first and last mistake of the kind. From that hour a light dawned upon our understanding, and we began to see that what had been for us a private inspiration governing our own conduct was in fact an absolute impersonal moral law applicable to the whole world. Greatly daring, for such an interpretation of liberty might be said to imply separation, we applied our enlarged conception to our new colonies. "You are free," we told them, "not because we say that you are free or set you free, but because it is the nature of man to be free. You need not even trouble to cut the painter, for in truth there is no painter to cut. Your future is with you, your destiny is your own. If there is a bond between us, it consists not in any definable authority, but merely in impalpable affinities of race and blood and of such deep sub-conscious instincts as we hold in common, especially this very instinct of liberty in right of which you are your own masters."

Whether these instincts and affinities would hold was at that time purely conjectural. As a matter of fact, they have turned out to be comparable to those "hooks of steel" which Shakespeare says should grapple the hearts of friends together. The point, however, is that so long as

our conception of liberty was a private affair, it was quite ineffective as an imperial cement, while no sooner was it enunciated as an impersonal doctrine applicable universally than it was turned into an imperial cement of absolute reliability.

Similar testimony might be drawn from our rule of India and of Egypt. We govern these countries, but it is understood that we govern them only until they are able to govern themselves. There is no question nowadays of despotic government, of a government which seeks to exploit a subject territory or which peremptorily imposes its own faith and its own ideals on subject races. It is indeed universally felt that the most cutting criticism which can be brought to bear upon a ruling power is that it ignores native wishes, or offends native prejudices, or in any way impedes the free development of native arts and industries. The unpardonable sin, in our estimation of government, is that it should thwart the natural desire of human nature to live its own life freely. It is scarcely necessary to point out that the craving for liberty as a matter of politics rises out of the craving for liberty as a matter of life. We desire to make our own laws because we desire to obey the laws of our own being. Self-government is valuable only as it tends to realise the longing to live freely; and even races which have not yet attained the capacity for self-government, and whose experiments in that direction, their gifts perhaps being of another kind, are apt to end in anarchy, still possess this right to live freely. It is the end of all government to ensure this right; and although it is true that self-government ensures it best, yet any government which aspires to be a genuine and legitimate government will make it its endeavour to secure that end in so far as it can. Whatever may be the shortcomings of our rule in India and Egypt, it remains our object, while securing for the populace such practical benefits and securities as may add to their material welfare and prosperity, to respect at the same time to the utmost their ways of thought, customs, and faiths; that is to say, it remains the object of our government to secure for the governed the right to live freely. Moreover, if or when they develop a capacity for self-government, self-government will be granted them. One of our political parties is fond of insisting that the

time is already ripe, and hails every revolutionary act or agitation, however superficial, as an omen of the dawn of full political freedom. The other of our parties is as determined to proceed with deliberation, and will rather keep freedom waiting for a generation than risk precipitate action. But neither party would dream of denying the right of Indians and Egyptians to participate in the government of their own countries so soon as they are able to take over that duty. In our view, the time has utterly gone by when conquered territories might be exploited by the conquerors, and collectors of Boggley Wallah could return with cargoes of rupees to their homes in England. We are to-day the trustees of the native races. The business of our government is to secure to those races the utmost possible freedom; when the people of India and Egypt are ready to receive that more perfect freedom which only self-government can ensure, our business will be to make room for that government, and henceforth to depend, as a bond of union, upon ideals held in common. It will be seen that the same transition has been made here as in the case of the colonies—that is to say, our change of attitude is a change from the national to the imperial standpoint. A hundred years ago England treated India as a national perquisite, a milch cow, and the result was the furious uprising of the Mutiny. To-day she treats India as a participator in the common right of all people to be free, and the result is the spontaneous determination of all India to fight by her side. The first theory of government is non-imperial because it offers nothing in which other people can share or which is to their advantage, and is therefore no bond of union. The second theory is imperial because it offers powerful assistance in the struggle for self-realisation which is the profoundest instinct in man, and is therefore a very potent bond of union.

I resist the temptation to linger over the case of South Africa, although our enfranchisement of the Boers is perhaps the most obvious and startling example of our modern view of freedom, not as a national endowment but as a human right, which could possibly be adduced. The instance, however. is too recent and has been too much discussed to need comment. It will speak for itself. I will content myself with emphasising the definition of

Imperialism which our country has attained to, not through any subtlety of thought or intellectual discrimination, but through the practical operation of national character. Of the two kinds of Imperialism, Imperialism based on power and Imperialism based on willing co-operation, we have chosen the latter kind. The essence or germ of this kind of Imperialism is an ideal in which all may equally share. Such an ideal was evolved by us at the moment when we came to conceive of freedom as a human right. Three-quarters of a century ago the Imperial sentiment was unborn and the beginnings of Imperial construction had given signs already of speedy disintegration; America and India had declared the way that our colonies and our dependencies would go as soon as they were strong enough. All the signs pointed to the imminent collapse of our experiments in Empire-building. Then came the change. The structure of which our best efforts had only hastened the dissolution began to grow of its own accord. Instead of repudiating our government and endeavouring to shake off our control, our colonies and dependencies suddenly developed an immense pride in the Empire of which they formed part. The transformation was almost magical, yet it was the outcome of no conscious change of policy. It resulted simply from our recognition of the fact that freedom is in itself not a private and personal but a common and universal possession. This was all, but this was enough. He who goes among men saying "I will rule you" must make his words good with difficulty and by force; while he who goes asking "Who will join with me in realising a common aspiration?" will gather to himself a band of willing colleagues. We need not over-estimate our enlightenment. Our love of liberty is little more than a physical, almost an animal instinct. Of the higher phases of liberty, the intellectual and spiritual phases, we have so slight a recognition that we willingly submit in those domains to the tyranny of local and insular conceptions. But this, in the connection we are now dealing with, does not signify, since we do not advance our intellectual and spiritual theories as the proposed bond of union. What we do advance is our theory of physical or political freedom, and in advancing this we are on perfectly sound ground because this affords the necessary foundation on which the

loftier forms of liberty will be raised. Of liberty of mind and liberty of soul we in England know very little, yet these can only securely be built on liberty of body; and in this Englishmen are past masters.

This, then, is our Imperial claim; that we offer something which, as the foundation of all future progress and knowledge, is of considerable value to the world at large. Thus do we fulfil the condition laid down that the bond of Empire must be a common advantage. Let us now go on to ask how our opponent in the present struggle fulfils that condition? Among the books dealing with the German question which the present crisis has brought into notice, one of the most remarkable has been the small volume of lectures by Professor J. A. Cramb. These lectures are valuable because, without exactly sympathising with Germany, they do sympathise with the German point of view and with the kind of ambitions and ideals by which Germany is inspired. The "great national ideal" for which Germans "are bound to labour and, if need be, to contend" is described in these pages with full understanding and full appreciation. I shall have space here to consider but one or two salient characteristics of that ideal. First, it is conceived on Imperial lines. It is put forward very explicitly and definitely as an Imperial motive. What is the "highest being," the "highest ideal," at which Germany aims? Professor Cramb asks the question, and he answers: "It is world-dominion; it is world-empire; it is the hegemony of a planet. It assigns to Germany in the future a *rôle* like that which Rome or Hellas or Judæa or Islâm have played in the past. That is Germany's world-ideal. It is at least greatly conceived." But, Germany will tell you, though she aims at Empire, and Empire achieved by force, yet she proposes certain lofty intellectual and spiritual ends to be attained through that means. "Just as the greatness of Germany"—it is thus that Treitschke's definition is summarised—"is to be found in the governance of Germany by Prussia, so the greatness and good of the world is to be found in the predominance there of German culture, of the German mind; in a word, of the German character. This is the ideal of Germany, and this is Germany's *rôle* as Treitschke saw it in the future."

Therefore, Professor Cramb proceeds to argue, the "world-dominion of which Germany dreams is not simply a material dominion. Germany is not blind to the lessons inculcated by the Napoleonic tyranny. Force alone, violence or brute strength, by its mere silent presence or by its loud manifestation in war, may be necessary to establish this dominion; but its ends are spiritual. The triumph of the Empire will be the triumph of German culture, of the German world-vision in all the phases and departments of human life and energy, in religion, poetry, science, art, politics, and social endeavour." So that, adopting this grandiose conception, we may say of the German theory of Empire that it proposes to propagate German opinions by the help of the German sword. This, I may remind the reader, is no isolated judgment, but is the conclusion at which modern German thought has definitely arrived. When Bernhardi observes that "the dominion of German thought can only be extended under the ægis of political power," and goes on to point out that "unless we act in conformity with this idea we shall be untrue to our great duties towards the human race," he is but repeating in his character of soldier a doctrine which German philosophy has firmly established. It is because of its wide acceptance, because names like Treitschke and Delbrück and Nietzsche are identified with its propagation that so extraordinary a theory deserves consideration. How does it come about that the intellect of a great nation should have taken up so entirely untenable a position? If there is one point in reason we should have thought by this time established, it is that spiritual and intellectual ideas are only to be extended by an appeal to the spiritual and intellectual faculties. Physical dominion is accomplished by physical persuasion; intellectual dominion is accomplished by intellectual persuasion; spiritual dominion is accomplished by spiritual persuasion. To attempt to introduce physical persuasion into the intellectual and spiritual spheres is exactly as if a man should attempt to argue with his biceps instead of with his brain.

The experience of the race bears this out. The greatest purely intellectual influence so far brought to bear upon the world is the influence of Greece, and this acted entirely in the region of ideas. The Greeks never ran an Empire,

their physical dominion was never very extensive, and it had altogether disappeared before their intellectual dominion came into existence. They have, as a nation, gone down the stream of time, their exploits are ancient history, but in the realms of thought their empire is as extensive and as enduring as ever. And so in spiritual matters. The greatest purely spiritual influence which the world has known is the influence of Christianity, and that influence was propagated by One in all material endowments a bankrupt. What was physical in that movement was dealt with on Calvary, but in the spiritual realm the Empire of Christ has deepened and extended its sway century by century.

It would be easy to show that this rule is universal, and not only that, but that attempts to back up spiritual and intellectual ideas with physical arguments invariably result in the degradation of their spiritual and intellectual quality. These distinctions are, however, rudimentary, and need not detain us. The interesting question to ask is: How did it happen that so crude a theory as the propagation of culture by force of arms should have been endorsed by the thinkers of a nation? The date of origin of the theory itself suggests the answer. German thought of the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century was disinterested thought. Kant and Hegel, Herder and Lessing and Goethe were men of quite remarkable intellectual and spiritual detachment. It has been often suggested that this tendency was even exaggerated, and that in the War of Liberation the German intellect, owing to its inveterate habit of abstract thinking, stood aside from the issue and failed to identify itself with the national aspiration. Certainly if ever there was a school of thought which loved intellectual things for their own sakes, which made it its object to see things "as they really are," and whose reasoning and point of view are unobscured by any personal and local considerations whatever, it is the German school of thought of the first half of the nineteenth century. The transition from this Germany to the Bismarckian Germany, the Germany of Treitschke the historian, Liliencron the poet, Delbrück the professor, von Bernhardi the soldier, Nietzsche the philosopher, is a transition from free thought to thought controlled and directed by a national policy.

The note of German literature of the latter epoch is the unanimity with which it preaches the doctrine of the "will to power," and the passionate eloquence with which it emphasises the primary moral duty of a nation to be strong. With one accord, these latter-day philosophers and thinkers and poets and historians agree that intellectual and spiritual culture are to be expressed in terms of physical ascendancy. The explanation of so extraordinary a change is obvious. The moment, that is, towards the end of the third quarter of last century, when physical might achieved control of the German mind, was the moment when physical might, in the form of the Prussian domination, achieved control of German life. It is impossible to dissociate phenomena of such palpable similarity. We all know how national conditions affect thought; the "insular" quality of British thought is a case in point. Further, we must remember with what *éclat* the Prussian gospel of physical might is presented to-day. We must remember the, from the mundane point of view, pompously feeble and entirely ineffectual condition of the divided German States. By the imposition, as a national bond of union, of that "will to power" in which Prussia had been cradled and nurtured, the German principalities achieved at last the sense of national identity and national pride which had been lacking to them. Under that leadership they cast off ancient tyrannies, recovered and realised a racial aspiration, and advanced by incredibly swift strides to an extraordinary material affluence and to a position of marked supremacy among the nations of Europe. Certainly no one who has learned to estimate the influences which govern the minds of men will question but that this remarkable demonstration of the effects of physical might in the material sphere will be bound to have corresponding effects in the intellectual and spiritual spheres, and it seems sufficiently evident that, in the transformation in literature we were just now glancing at, these inevitable effects are duly forthcoming.

In present-day German thought, then, as well as in present-day German politics, the Prussian theory of might may be said to be the determining influence. It not only controls Germany's military attitude, but it determines the character and quality of German culture. It is not our pre-

sent object to consider what the effects upon that culture of such an influence have been, but rather to consider its bearing upon Germany's Imperial position and prospects. Modern Germany, that is to say, Prussianised Germany, comes before the world as a Power deliberately aspiring to Empire, and when we ask her on what she is going to found her Empire, she answers that, in the first place, she is going to found it on physical force, and that, in the second place, she is going on to make the dominant position she will thus have attained an instrument for the propagation of her ideas. Such a theory of Empire may not seem preposterous to a people whose minds and souls have accepted the Prussian brand, but to the dispassionate observer it is evident that what is here offered is a tyranny in three degrees; a physical tyranny, an intellectual tyranny, and a spiritual tyranny. How is such an offer as this likely to strike the world, or what chances of Imperial cohesion does it hold out? I pointed out, to begin with, that all vital Empires, Empires which contain within themselves the principle which unites, are Empires which proclaim some mutual benefit or ideal, which all such peoples as care to join the Empire may co-operate in realising. What is the benefit, the ideal, which Germany holds out as an inducement to all and sundry to join her Empire? Submission to her physical might is the first inducement; submission to her scheme of intellectual and spiritual culture is the second. A state of servitude so thorough, so complete in all its parts, has perhaps never yet threatened the world; in truth, it is in itself but the reflection and image of that servitude to the physical state into which the mind and soul of Germany have of late years entered.

My own instinct is profoundly to distrust all *ex parte* estimates. A comparison between English and German things carried out by an Englishman is almost sure to show an English bias; and that not so much from prejudice as because an English temperament can better understand and appreciate the merit of English ideas than the merit of German ideas. In the present case, however, two considerations tend to correct such a bias. In the first place, we are able to appeal to an impersonal test. We can cite the example of all the Empires in history to show that Empires founded on force are non-vital, that they contain

no life-giving principle of their own, but that they are artificial systems forcibly imposed, which tend to fall to pieces directly the force is withdrawn or can be successfully challenged; while from the same testimony it appears that those Empires are enduring and vital, and may be said to be a kind of natural growth, which propose, for general participation, a principle of universal benefit. If this law is rightly stated, and it is backed by common sense as well as historical evidence, we can scarcely go wrong in its application. The idea of freedom, as understood, or rather as practised, by modern England (for our practice, as usual, much outruns our understanding), is of so impersonal a character as to be almost entirely non-national. The British Empire is not intrinsically either British or an Empire. It is not an Empire, at least in the old sense of the word, because the Imperial idea of authority, of dominance, is almost totally absent from it; instead of this it relies upon the willing and spontaneous co-operation of all its parts. And it is not specifically British because the principle on which it depends—that man is a free animal—is a purely abstract proposition. I have pointed out already that it is only as the abstract nature of this proposition has come to be realised by our country that our Imperial potentiality has developed. It is destined, probably, to expand yet more on similar lines, for it is quite likely that after the present war the principle of liberty will take its place as the recognised European ideal, and that France and England more especially, in their joint recognition of that ideal, may find themselves knit together by the very same bonds which have hitherto only been applied to our own Empire. We shall understand then that what we have been aiming at all along is not so much a British Empire as a community of free nations.

But if it is this impersonal character of a principle which makes it valuable to others and applicable to the case of others, equally certain is it that the German case contains in these latter days not a trace or flavour of the impersonal element. Germany's case is Germany. The burden of her claim is her own place in the sun, her own right in virtue of superior strength to impose her will upon others, and not that only, but to impose also her own intellectual and spiritual culture upon the minds and souls of others.

In this, German philosophers, poets, soldiers, historians, are all at one. It is not a question of what other people want, but of what Germany, in virtue of her physical and intellectual might, is empowered to inflict. Of such an Imperial ideal as this we may say with certainty that it is entirely non-vital, in that it offers for acceptance no principle in which other people can participate. The very idea of willing co-operation and a free motion of adherence is repudiated by the Prussian philosophy. "What have we to do," they ask, "with co-operation and freedom and the ideals and aspirations of other people? We are here to institute a Prussian order of things, and we rely for argument on Prussian steel. Does that logic convince you?"

Not only to that question can there be but one answer, but in the ensuing struggle there can be no compromise. For this, if we have reasoned rightly, is no question of nation against nation, but of a conflict of ideals which in their own nature are irreconcilable. The Prussian Imperial ideal and the English Imperial ideal are so essentially opposed that they cannot live together in this world. Either can only advance at the expense of the other. If the Prussian ideal is to live it must kill the British. If the British ideal is to live it must kill the Prussian. For this reason we enter into this conflict with a determination, rooted in the very structure of our national character, not only to overcome the enemy, but to erase and blot out an ideal which is hostile to liberty and withstands its advance in the world. Lit up by the light of war there appear, so clearly that we can all distinguish them, above the ranks of each army the principle and idea for which it fights. And those armies themselves are typical of the issue involved, for while the German doctrine of force, repudiated by every other nation and people, is driven to rely on German arms, the rival doctrine of liberty calls together its brigades of all races from the uttermost ends of the earth. It does its own recruiting. Wherever it is known its volunteers gather to defend it. Without a word of prompting, all India is in arms. Unbidden and unasked, our Colonies spring to our side. To-day's papers have the news that De Wet is bringing from South Africa his scouts, this time to fight for instead of against us. The very Lama of Tibet will raise a body to engage in such a cause. What

is the reason of it all? It is that the ideal we have hit upon is in itself Imperial, that is to say, it is in itself of universal scope and application. These people—the permanence of our Empire depends on our realising it—have come together to fight under our flag, not because it is our flag, but because it is the flag of freedom.

Motherhood

By Mrs. Huth Jackson

THROUGH days and nights of weariness we bear them
And we pray to all our Gods that we may die
As we crouch before the terror and the torture
When the agonies of Hell draw nigh.
And we see the little heads laid beside us,
Too crushed are we to know that they are there,
And the days pass slowly in the darkness
Ere we live enough to care.

And then as healing time lays hands upon us
The mother love wakes—first a current slow,
But day by day it grows in force and passion
As childhood passes o'er them; and we know
That every treasured morn that passes by us
Brings nearer the dark moment that we fear,
When our sons go forth to fight for the Empire,
And the last farewells are here.

It is we who lie and listen in the trenches
When the shell bursts like the thunder overhead;
It is we who turn the piteous faces over
In the search for the living and the dead.
It is we who stand and hear the sentries calling
As they pace through the wind and the rain;
We who hear the broken roll call and the silence
For the names that will never come again.

Yet we send them forth—our husbands and our brothers
And the sons whom in our travail we have borne,
And we smile to see our soldiers starting singing
Though our hearts in twain are torn.
There are those whom in our anguish we can pity,
Whose sorrow is more tragic than our woe;
Not the mothers whose sons lie upon the deathfield
But the mothers who have sons who dare not go.

Nietzsche

By a "Blond Beast"

"INTER arma silent leges," and not only "leges." Literature too, we are told, is silent at the present moment. It has fallen into neglect, into even more neglect than is usual in this country. Yet the neglect of literature is a serious thing, as this present hour may prove. If we had known more about literature, especially foreign literature, we should have foreseen much of what is happening now. For if we are not a studious nation, Germany undoubtedly is; and if we are not a visionary people, the German race has been and still is a visionary race. And if you know the *idée fixe* of a visionary, you can always foresee his actions. But we did not trouble to know this *idée fixe*—hence our widespread disillusionment.

We are standing aghast at the "Teutomania" which we discover as the leading idea behind Germany's action. We did not think it possible that in the midst of Christian Europe, in the very heart of this Europe, there could exist a nation which considered itself the intellectual priesthood of the world, which consequently entrusted itself with the mission to conquer this world and to bestow upon it the benefit of its new religion. Surely we have our Jingoes too, and very stupid people they are, as a rule. So have the French, who even assert in a proverb: "Le bon Dieu est français." The Russian on his part thinks the whole of Western Europe degenerate and standing in urgent need of a tonic, only to be provided, of course, by himself. The modern Italian, like his ancestors of yore, thinks all Northern Europeans stupid barbarians, who in vain try to civilise themselves by haunting his churches and museums. But all this is child's play compared with Germany, for she has produced an apostolic school of philosophical, political, artistic, and military thinkers, who glorify the German as the hero of the modern times, who consider him a combination of all the virtues of all the

ages, who set him up as a living example to the less fortunate and less gifted brethren of all other countries. But even these other countries—thus teaches this school—may aspire to the height of German "culture," if they only make up their mind to do so. If they do not make up their mind, their mind, of course, has to be opened, like Disraeli's oyster, with the sword.

Since the outbreak of the war it has become the fashion in England to hold Nietzsche responsible for this "megalomania" of modern Germany. The columns of *The Times* have abounded with daily denunciations of Nietzsche in verse and in prose, and even the Poet Laureate has joined this chorus by hinting that this is a war between Christ and the Devil, between the good and Christian Englishman and the Nietzschean and devilish German. As long as these misconstructions are used for political ends only—that is to say, in order to wake up that "moral indignation" without which a Puritan nation like ours cannot be roused very well to enthusiasm—nothing should be said against it; we have to fight this battle, we have to fight it well and under the best possible conditions, and all means, even Jesuitic ones, are good for this holy end.

It is a more serious matter if preachers of the gospel of truth begin to tell their flock that "we are now reaping the consequences of the Nietzschean movement in a harvest of blood and tears." Or, as another has it: "Ethics are ruled out of the life of States, only naked might remaining. The Superman has arrived, all brawn and brain and without conscience." Or still another: "This is the logic of the criminals of Dartmoor, the defence of the barbaric march of the world-conquerors Attila and Napoleon; this is the incarnation of the latest philosophy; this is the morality of the mad teacher of the Superman." No, this is not the morality of the eminently sane man who was driven into madness by the stupidity of his age. It is a complete falsehood to say that Nietzsche denied morality; he only denied slave morality, which he thought an outcome of Christian morality; and he did not even deny slave morality so long as it was confined to slaves. But he wished some people to live beyond the good and evil of this slave morality; he wished some people to be leaders

of the slaves; and he wished these to learn the good and evil of a Master-morality. This morality was specially created by him; it is very punctilious about good and evil; it was impressed by Nietzsche upon those fit for it with terrible earnestness, with almost religious ardour. If only this Master-morality had made more progress amongst those it was meant for—the rulers of Europe—the present war with its terrible consequences for all would have been almost certainly avoided.

It is, however, easy to see why priests and theologians wish to impress upon mankind that this is a war of the Christian Allies against the anti-Christian Germans, for a ruthless war such as this, happening on such an unheard-of scale after two thousand years of Christian propaganda, may very well throw some doubt upon the efficacy of the Christian system itself. We quite see the difficulty of those who have to defend this system, and quite understand the somewhat "immoral" means by which they try to uphold their morality, their creed, their civilisation. The difficult part of the problem is, however, that Germany does not quite fit into their scheme. It is all very well to say that the Germans are possessed by the Nietzschean devil; they are not. The German Emperor, as all who have heard about him or his speeches will know, is a very romantic personage and a devout Christian into the bargain, a ruler who at the beginning of the war urged his people to go to church, and who would certainly be very much offended about any accusation of "Nietzscheism." The German people are perhaps the most outspoken democratic people in the world, for more than one-third of all voters in Germany (more than four million souls) are Socialists, and Socialism is a creed which in its ethical aspect is much more intimately related to Christianity than to Nietzscheism. The German Catholics, who form a third part of the population, are stricter Catholics than those of France, and have never given to Nietzsche that encouraging reception which he has had from their French brethren. The German professors, who are the intellectual leaders of Germany to-day, as of yore, have been and are still very hostile to Nietzsche's creed, and would almost to a man repudiate any connection with the teacher of the Superman. There are, of course, in Germany individual

Nietzscheans, as there are Nietzscheans in all countries from Montenegro to Japan, and from New Zealand to Newfoundland, but the Germans as a nation are not and never will be Nietzschean; and if this nation is now accused of being possessed by the Devil, it is for Christians to explain how the dickens the Devil has got into one of their holy flock.

That talented French critic, Professor Henri Lichtenberger, writes in his *Gospel of Superman*, one of the best books ever written on Nietzsche, as follows: "In Germany, above all, the diffusion of Nietzsche's doctrines and the foundation of a Nietzschean school are denounced as public dangers." This is so, but it might be added "as national dangers" as well, for Nietzsche's highly anti-national attitude is resented in Germany to the utmost and to this very day. Nietzsche was not a mere patriotic German, but a good European. He loved and admired the French more than the Germans, and even the Russian (Dostoievsky) seemed to him on a higher intellectual plane than his own countrymen of the Empire. This Empire was his lifelong bugbear, for he held it responsible for the degradation of the German spirit, the German intellect, the German culture. Nietzsche admired Bismarck's will-power, but derided and branded him as a "peasant." The present German Emperor, whose exploits he was still destined to see in their beginnings, was to him a "canting bigot." The German people were to him the "shallowest people in Europe." The German celebrities, according to him, had poisoned the whole atmosphere of European thought: "In the history of knowledge Germans are represented only by doubtful names; they have been able to produce only 'unconscious' swindlers—this word applies to Fichte, Schelling, Schopenhauer, Hegel and Schleiermacher, just as well as to Kant or Leibnitz: they were all mere Schleiermachers (*i.e.*, weavers of veils). . . . 'German intellect' is my foul air; I breathe with difficulty in the neighbourhood of this psychological uncleanliness that has now become instinctive—an uncleanliness which in every word and expression betrays a German. They have never undergone a seventeenth century of hard self-examination, as the French have—a La Rochefoucauld, a Descartes, are a thousand times more upright than the

very first among Germans—the latter have not yet had any psychologists. But psychology is almost the measurement for the cleanliness or uncleanliness of a race. . . . For if a man be not even clean, how can he be deep? That which is called 'depth' in Germany is precisely this instinctive uncleanliness towards one's self, of which I have just spoken; people refuse to be clear in regard to their own natures. Might I be allowed to suggest the word 'German' as an international epithet denoting this intellectual depravity?"*

These are hard sayings, and sayings which no doubt do not apply only to the German nation. But they were originally directed against Germany, and it is small wonder that Germany has only paid scant courtesy to this outspoken son of hers. Though, however, Germany has never deigned to listen, Europe has begun, and that long ago, to lend its ear to the voice of this prophet, who, like all true prophets, is not honoured in his own country. For in spite of the national divergences on our Continent, there is secret longing in the breast of all thinking Europeans, a longing for the end of bitter, sanguinary, and mostly unreasonable feuds, a longing for a Europe that at last, after the spilling of so much blood, will become united. Now Nietzsche had always before him this vision of a united Europe. He rightly distinguished the great obstacles towards that vision: the decadence of the ruling classes in Europe and the "bovine nationalism" of their subjects. He proposed the rearing of a new caste of rulers from the best elements of all European nations alike, a caste freed from the fetters of the Slave-Morality, but observing a morality of its own, a caste that would unite our anarchical Continent and would put an end to the senseless ideal of the "Balance of Power." It may have been a Utopian idea, or, if not Utopian, it might require another great war for its realisation. But it is certainly not a "German" idea; it could certainly not have arisen in the brain of a dusty pedant, a dense Jingo, a dull brute, a devilish "blond beast," such as the public opinion of the hour makes him out to have been. Least of all is it the idea of the Kaiser. But "public opinion," as Nietzsche used to say, is "private laziness"—and with this verdict we will leave the question.

* *Ecce Homo*, pp. 126–127 of the authorised English edition.

Canossa

THERE have been rumours of peace from Count Bernsdorff's Press bureau in America, the first "*ballon d'essai*" intimating that the Germans realise that they have taken on more gun-carrion than they can successfully destroy. In this country, too, there is evidence that emissaries of peace are mobilising on behalf of disillusioned Germany. To this, there can be but one answer. The war broke out as the inevitable and logical clash of the two ideas which have governed Europe since 1870—the Military and Pacifist doctrines championed by the Kaiser on the one hand, and civilisation represented by the Allies on the other. All idea of compromise must be abandoned. To make terms with the Kaiser, leaving his military system and resources "intact," would be the greatest treachery to humanity ever perpetrated; and would result, within a few years, in a second outbreak in conditions which might be more favourable to the forces of the Kaiser. The Allies have signed a covenant of solidarity—not to lay down arms except with the approval of all the combatant signatories. That covenant they must maintain to the last extremity; if the war goes on for two years (which it won't), if England has to take to conscription, if the whole financial system of Europe is destroyed in the process. And the sooner the Germans realise the fact, the better it will be for them.

What conditions eventually the Allies may be willing to accept, it is as yet idle to speak about. The time has not yet arrived for their consideration. But these things are certain. England's condition must be the destruction or cession of the German Navy, the cession of Heligoland, and with this we should insist on the neutralisation of the Kiel Canal. France will demand the annexed provinces, and, it may be, the restoration of the old Hanoverian independence. Belgium will demand, and must receive, adequate monetary compensation for the destruction of

life and property. And, lastly, there will be the Russian demand, which will certainly consist in a sea-border and ports on an open sea, and, probably, the complete emancipation of Poland and the Slavonic people from Germanic "culture" and tribute. There remains Servia; there remains Japan. Finally, there remains the collective indemnity which all the Allied peoples will rightly demand and—exact.

To talk of terms is, therefore, mere waste of time. The idea that Germany is to be allowed to "cease firing" on conditions permitting her to declare the result as a "drawn war," as an honourable conclusion to an honourable fight—this is unthinkable. It is not the Germans so much that we are fighting, but Germanism—the idea of military Kaiserism, the avowed purpose of which is to conquer and subjugate Europe. This is no ordinary war of political or personal antagonism—it is the war of race, of martial idealism, the madness of a diseased civilisation. A peace which left Germany with "honour impaired" would be a crime upon civilisation. There is no State honour left in Germany to talk about. The canker of her civilisation must be cut out from the centre of Europe. Nor can the Allies rest or consider any terms until Militarism—the military powers and resources of Germany—have been crippled for at least a generation. As the indispensable condition of peace, Germany must be fought to her knees, broken with the fate she sought to impose upon Europe. No other course is possible. Neither we nor any one of the Allies sought, or seek, to rob Germany of land, to set up the sore of another Alsace-Lorraine in Europe, to destroy her lawful rights of language and nationality. But we have a duty of honour to perform, and it is to crush the Kaiser and his bandit armies with the entire system, creed, and culture of Hohenzollern aggression.

And it is just as well that the Germans should know this now. When the Allied soldiers have done their work, they will impose their conditions, not bargain about them, and they will be the decisions of military defensive strategy. Bismarck once narrated to the Reichstag how he had decided about the French forts in 1870, M. Thiers having told him that if Belfort and Metz were both

demanded the French could not make peace. "I asked Moltke," Bismarck said, "and the soldier replied, 'Metz is worth a hundred thousand men.'" So Bismarck took Metz. In Berlin, the Allies, in the spirit of Moltke, will lay down the military conditions necessary to safeguard Europe from another German onslaught, and the Kaiser will go to Canossa.

Books

ECONOMICS

WORK AND WEALTH: A HUMAN VALUATION. By J. A. HOBSON. (Macmillan.) 8*s.* 6*d.* net. 1914.

THE scope of this book is balanced by intellectual symmetry and coherence. One of the greatest living economists here presents "a full and formal exposure of the inhumanity and vital waste of modern industry." He analyses the economic and the human costs, and utilities of the Co-operative Movement, Trade Unionism, Protection, Scientific Management, The Reign of the Machine, Our Educational System, Public Charity and Sport, and illumines the intricate problems of Consumption.

The chapter on "The Creative Factor in Production" is a very acute psychological study, though the human costs of pure art and science are probably under-rated.

The author's work in the University Extension Movement and the Workers' Educational Association gives great weight to his conclusion, that "human nature is exceedingly rich in all sorts of variations from the normal, and that very many of these variations have valuable uses, provided that suitable conditions for their discovery, training, and application are present. The notion that genius, like murder, will 'out,' is a false sentimentalism." Equally trenchant and humane is his reply to the "platitudinarian moralists," who meet the efforts of the poor towards self-expression, with exhortations to temperance and thrift. Mr. Hobson advocates the socialisation of public services and routine industries—but not industries in the experimental stage,—and the liberation of fresh human energy for science, art, and life.

He admits the difficulties raised by Syndicalism and Bureaucracy, but observes that "the power of the social will has never yet been tested, for a society with arrangements based on manifest principles of justice and reason has never yet been set in operation."

Altogether this is a notable achievement, combining immense technical and special knowledge with full appreciation of what Professors Geddes and Thomson call "biocentric" values: finely proportioned throughout, and often most aptly expressed.